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READING & ENGLISH PRACTICE

A COURSE IN LITERARY READING
AND COMPOSITION

BY
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GREAT MEN", "BLACK'S BEGINNERS' COURSE OF PICTURE LESSONS"
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PREFACE

THIS book, which has been compiled for pupils of twelve to thirteen years of age, aims at providing a course in literary reading and in constructive English.

In selecting the extracts attention has been paid to (1), suitability of language and subject, and (2), the merits of the writer: and care has been taken to make the extracts sufficiently long to present scenes which are complete in detail and atmosphere. In only a few cases should it be necessary for the master to read the extract beforehand to the form.

The method of teaching the art of English through the study of extracts rather than of complete works has long proved its worth. The use of extracts makes it possible to vary the models, to widen the range of topics, and to increase the store of ideas. They supply young pupils with the first essential for fluency—ideas as subjects for expression.

In the plan followed in this book great importance has been attached to oral work, the use of which enables a master to extend the scope of his work, and to enlist the help of the brighter pupils in his efforts to obtain a readier flow of words from the less-gifted members of the form. Dull boys derive great benefit from listening to their fellow-pupils expressing in many different ways the same idea, varying the form of sentences, and discussing seemingly slight, but really important, differences in the meanings of words.

Few written exercises have been set, as the author knows from experience that there is not sufficient time in school life either for pupils to do, or for the master to correct, more than one or two a week. He is convinced that "the lessening of written work may be more than made good if from the first oral work is alive, well devised, and relevant to the matter in hand."

Notes and Questions and *Aids to Study* draw attention principally to the development of paragraphs and to characteristics of language and construction. When an extract is specially suitable for the study of paragraphs additional space is devoted to the subject, as it is very important at this stage of instruction for pupils to understand thoroughly the chief features of a well-ordered paragraph.

The aim of the exercises under *Study of Words and Phrases* is to extend the pupil's vocabulary, and to give him constant practice in the precise use of words. The study of differences in the shades of meaning between synonyms, and of the aptness of descriptive words receives full attention in this section.

The sentences under *Sentence-Construction* aim directly at removing the chief weaknesses found in compositions by children of twelve years of age. One, only, will be mentioned here—the tendency to begin many sentences with a noun or a pronoun. Variety of construction is shown by examples, and training is given in the framing of sentences which begin with adverbs, adverb-phrases, participles, etc. Stress is laid, also, on the importance of variety in the combination of simple sentences.

Considerable space has been allotted to punctuation, for, apart from its intrinsic value, its study entails a close examination of sentence formation.

In conclusion, it should be borne in mind that this book is intended for use with pupils who have passed through the earlier stages of instruction in English, and is planned to make readily available material suitable for English exercises and for the revising and supplementing of work already done.

The exercises in Grammar deal mainly with common errors in speech and writing.

G. H. R.

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I

TWO ADVENTURES OF HEREWARD

(From *Hereward the Wake*)

By CHARLES KINGSLEY

OF Hereward's doings for the next few months nought is known. He may very likely have joined Siward in the Scotch war. He may have helped himself to bring Birnam Wood to Dunsinane. He may have seen old Siward, after Macbeth's defeat (not death, as Shakespeare relates the story), go back to Northumbria "with such booty as no man had obtained before." All this is not only possible, but probable enough, the dates considered: the chroniclers, however, are silent. They only say that Hereward was in those days beyond Northumberland with Gilbert of Ghent.

Gilbert of Ghent, who afterwards owned, by chance of war, many a fair manor in Lincolnshire and elsewhere, was one of those valiant Flemings who settled along the east and north-east coast of Scotland in the eleventh century. They seem to have been, with the instinct of true Flemings, civilisers, and cultivators, and traders, as well as conquerors; they were in those very days bringing to order and tillage the rich lands of the north-east, from the Firth of Moray to that of Forth.

Amongst them, in those days, Gilbert of Ghent seems to have been a notable personage. Where he lived, the chroniclers report not. Wherever Gilbert lived, however, he heard that Hereward was outlawed, and sent

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for him, having, it would seem, some connection with his father. And there he lived, doubtless happily enough, fighting Celts and hunting deer, so that as yet the pains and penalties of exile did not press very hardly upon him. The handsome, petulant, good-humoured lad had become in a few weeks the darling of Gilbert's ladies, and the envy of all his knights and gentlemen. Hereward the singer, harp-player, dancer, Hereward the rider and hunter, was in all mouths: but he himself was discontented at having as yet fallen in with no adventure worthy of a man; and he looked curiously and longingly at the menagerie of wild beasts enclosed in strong wooden cages, which Gilbert kept in one corner of the great courtyard, not for any scientific purposes, but to try with them, at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, the mettle of the young gentlemen who were candidates for the honour of knighthood. But after looking over the bulls and stags, wolves and bears, Hereward settled it in his mind that there was none worthy of his steel, save one huge white bear, whom no man had yet dared to face, and whom Hereward, indeed, had never seen, hidden as he was all day within the old oven-shaped Pict's house of stone, which had been turned into his den. There was a mystery about the uncanny brute which charmed Hereward.

Again and again Hereward asked his host to let him try his strength against the monster of the North. Again and again the shrieks of the ladies, and Gilbert's own pity for the stripling youth, brought a refusal. But Hereward settled it in his heart, nevertheless, that somehow or other, when Christmas time came round, he would extract from Gilbert, drunk or sober, leave to fight that bear, and then either make himself a name, or die like a man.

Meanwhile Hereward made a friend. Among all the ladies of Gilbert's household, however kind they were inclined to be to him, he took a fancy only to one—a little girl of ten years old. Alftruda was her name. He liked to amuse himself with this child, without, as he fancied, any danger of falling in love. Alftruda was beautiful, too, exceedingly, and precocious, and, it may be, vain enough to repay his attentions in good earnest. Moreover she was English, as he was, and royal likewise; a relation of Elfgiva, daughter of Ethelred, once King of England. Between the English lad, then, and the English maiden grew up in a few weeks an innocent friendship, which had almost become more than friendship, through the intervention of the Fairy Bear.

For, as Hereward was coming in one afternoon from hunting, hawk on fist, with Martin Lightfoot trotting behind, crane and heron, duck and hare, slung over his shoulder, on reaching the courtyard gates he was aware of screams and shouts within, tumult and terror among man and beast. Hereward tried to force his horse in at the gate. The beast stopped and turned, snorting with fear; and no wonder; for in the midst of the courtyard stood the Fairy Bear; his white mane bristled up till he seemed twice as big as any of the sober brown bears which Hereward yet had seen: his long snake neck and cruel visage wreathing about in search of prey. A dead horse, its back broken by a single blow of the paw, and two or three writhing dogs, showed that the beast had turned (like too many of his human kindred in those days) "Berserker." The courtyard was utterly empty: but from the ladies' bower came shrieks and shouts, not only of women but of men; and knocking at the bower door, adding her screams to those inside, was a little white figure, which Hereward recognised as

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Alftruda's. They had barricaded themselves inside, leaving the child out: and now dared not open the door, as the bear swung and rolled towards it, looking savagely right and left for a fresh victim.

Hereward leaped from his horse and, drawing his sword, rushed forward with a shout which made the bear turn round.

He looked once back at the child; then round again at Hereward: and making up his mind to take the largest morsel first, made straight at him with a growl which there was no mistaking.

He was within two paces; then he rose on his hind legs, a head and shoulders taller than Hereward, and lifted the iron talons high in air. Hereward knew that there was but one spot at which to strike; and he struck true and strong, before the iron paw could fall, right on the muzzle of the monster.

He heard the dull crash of the steel: he felt the sword jammed tight. He shut his eyes for an instant, fearing lest, as in dreams, his blow had come to nought, lest his sword had turned aside, or melted like water in his hand, and the next moment would find him crushed to earth, blinded and stunned. Something tugged at his sword. He opened his eyes, and saw the huge carcase bend, reel, roll slowly over to one side, dead, tearing out of his hand the sword which was firmly fixed into the skull.

Hereward stood awhile staring at the beast like a man astonished at what he himself had done. He had had his first adventure, and he had conquered. He was now a champion in his own right—a hero of the heroes.

“Do you not see,” said Martin Lightfoot’s voice close by, “that there is a fair lady trying to thank you, while

you are so rude or so proud that you will not vouchsafe
her one look?"

It was true. Little Alftruda had been clinging to him for five minutes past. He took the child up in his arms and kissed her with pure kisses, which for a moment softened his hard heart; then setting her down, he turned to Martin.

"I have done it, Martin."

"Yes, you have done it: I spied you. What will the old^d folks at home say to this?"

"What care I?"

Martin Lightfoot shook his head, and drew out his knife.

"What is that for?" said Hereward.

"When the master kills the game, the knave can but skin it. We may sleep warm under this fur in many a cold night by sea and moor."

"Nay," said Hereward, laughing; "when the master kills the game, he must first carry it home. Let us take him and set him up against the bower door there, to astonish the brave knights inside." And stooping down, he attempted to lift the huge carcase: but in vain. At last, with Martin's help, he got it fairly on his shoulders, and the two dragged their burden to the bower, and dashed it against the door, shouting with all their might to those within to open it.

Windows, it must be remembered, were in those days so few and far between that the folks inside had remained quite unaware of what was going on without.

The door was opened cautiously enough; and out looked, to the shame of knighthood, be it said, two or three knights who had taken shelter in the bower with the ladies. Whatever they were going to say the ladies forestalled, for, rushing out across the prostrate bear,

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they overwhelmed Hereward with praises, thanks, and, after the straightforward custom of those days, with substantial kisses.

“You must be knighted at once,” cried they. “You have knighted yourself by that single blow.”

“A pity then,” said one of the knights to the others, “that he had not given that accolade to himself, instead of to the bear.”

“Unless some means are found,” said another, “of taking down this boy’s conceit, life will soon be not worth having here.”

“Either he must take ship,” said a third, “and look for adventures elsewhere, or I must.”

Martin Lightfoot heard those words; and knowing that envy and hatred, like all other vices in those rough-hewn times, were apt to take very startling and unmistakable shapes, kept his eye accordingly on those three knights.

“He must be knighted—he shall be knighted, as soon as Sir Gilbert comes home,” said all the ladies in chorus.

“I should be sorry to think,” said Hereward, with the blundering mock humility of a self-conceited boy, “that I had done anything worthy of such an honour. I hope to win my spurs by greater feats than these.”

A burst of laughter from the knights and gentlemen followed.

“How loud the young cockerel crows after his first scuffle!”

“Hark to him! What will he do next? Eat a dragon? Fly to the moon?”

Hereward looked down, and setting his foot on the bear’s head, wrenched out of it the sword, which he had left till now, with pardonable pride, fast set in the skull.

Martin Lightfoot, for his part, drew stealthily from his bosom the little magic axe, keeping his eye on the brain-pan of the last speaker.

The lady of the house cried "Shame!" and ordered the knights away with haughty words and gestures, which, because they were so well deserved, only made the quarrel more deadly.

Then she commanded Hereward to sheathe his sword.

No one was so well content with himself as Hereward; and therefore he fancied that the world must be equally content with him; and he was much disconcerted when Martin drew him aside one day, and whispered—

"If I were my lord, I should wear a mail shirt under my coat to-morrow out hunting."

"What?"

"The arrow that can go through a deer's blade-bone can go through a man's."

"Who should harm me?"

"Any man of the dozen who eat at the same table."

"What have I done to them? If I had my laugh at them, they had their laugh at me; and we are quits."

"There is another score, my lord, which you have forgotten, and that is all on your side."

"Eh?"

"You killed the bear. Do you expect them to forgive you that, till they have repaid you with interest?"

"Pish!"

"You do not want for wit, my lord. Use it, and think. What right has a little boy like you to come here, killing bears which grown men cannot kill?"

Hereward took his advice, and rode out with three or four knights the next morning into the fir-forest; not afraid, but angry and sad. He was not yet old enough to estimate the virulence of envy; to take ingratit^e and

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treachery for granted. He was to learn the lesson then, as a wholesome chastener to the pride of success.

So they rode into the forest, and parted, each with his footman and his dogs, in search of boar and deer; and each had his sport without meeting again for some two hours or more.

Hereward and Martin came at last to a narrow gully, a murderous place enough. Huge fir-trees roofed it in, and made a night of noon. High banks of earth and great boulders walled it in right and left for twenty feet above. The track, what with pack-horses' feet, and what with the wear and tear of five hundred years' rainfall, was a rut three feet deep and two feet broad, in which no horse could turn. Any other day Hereward would have cantered down it with merely a tightened rein. To-day he turned to Martin, and said—

“A very fit and proper place for this same treason: unless thou hast been drinking beer and thin’ing beer.”

But Martin was nowhere to be seen.

A pebble thrown from the right bank struck him, and he looked up. Martin’s face was peering through the heather overhead, his finger on his lips. Then he pointed cautiously, first up the pass, then down.

Hereward felt that his sword was loose in the sheath, and then gripped his lance, with a heart beating, but not with fear.

The next moment he heard the rattle of a horse’s hoofs behind him, looked back, and saw a knight charging desperately down the gully, his bow in hand, and arrow drawn to the head.

To turn was impossible. To stop, even to walk on, was to be ridden over and hurled to the ground helplessly. To gain the mouth of the gully, and then turn on his pursuer, was his only chance. For the first and

almost the last time in his life, he struck spurs into his horse, and ran away. As he went, an arrow struck him sharply in the back, piercing the corslet, but hardly entering the flesh. As he neared the mouth, two other knights crashed their horses through the brushwood from right and left, and stood awaiting him, their spears ready to strike. He was caught in a trap. A shield might have saved him; but he had none.

He did not flinch. Dropping his reins, and driving in the spurs once more, he met them in full shock. With his left hand he thrust aside the left-hand lance, with his right he hurled his own with all his force at the right hand foe, and saw it pass clean through the felon's chest, while his lance-point dropped, and passed harmlessly.

So much for lances in front. But the knight behind? Would not his sword the next moment be through his brain?

There was a clatter, a crash, and looking back, Hereward saw horse and man rolling in the rut, and rolling with them Martin Lightfoot. He had already pinned the knight's head against the steep bank, and, with uplifted axe, was meditating a pick at his face which would have stopped alike his love-making and his fighting.

“Hold thy hand,” shouted Hereward. “Let us see who he is; and remember that he is at least a knight.”

“But one that will ride no more to-day. I finished his horse's going as I rolled down the bank.”

It was true. He had broken the poor beast's leg with a blow of the axe, and they had to kill the horse out of pity ere they left.

Martin dragged his prisoner forward.

“You?” cried Hereward. “And I saved your life three days ago?”

The knight answered nothing.

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“You will have to walk home. Let that be punishment enough for you.” And he turned.

“He will have to ride in a woodman’s cart, if he have the luck to find one.”

The third knight had fled, and after him the dead man’s horse. Hereward and his man rode home in peace, and the wounded man, after trying vainly to walk a mile or two, fell and lay, and was fain to fulfil Martin’s prophecy, and be brought home in a cart, to carry for years after the nickname of the *Chevalier de la Charotte*.

And so was Hereward avenged of his enemies; and began to win for himself the famous soubriquet of “Wake”; the Watcher, whom no man ever took unawares.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

(1) Notice the inversion in the opening sentence. Re-cast it, beginning with *nought*.

(2) Study paragraph 5. The first two sentences introduce the *topic* or *theme*—*a friend*. Then follow sentences which give details of the friend, and a concluding sentence which emphasizes the topic of the opening sentence and prepares the reader for the theme of the next paragraph.

(3) What adjectives are used to describe Alftruda?

(4) What is the meaning of the word *precocious*? (See a dictionary.)

WORDS, PHRASES, AND SENTENCES

I. Construct sentences which show that you know the meaning of the following:

(1) try the mettle of; (2) prostrate; (3) worthy of his steel;
(4) repay with interest; (5) was in all mouths; (6) pains and penalties.

II. *Learn*: *An adjective is a word which is used to add something to the meaning of a noun*.

Study the following sentences:

(1) Hereward was a handsome, bright, good-humoured lad.
(2) Hereward was a brave, courageous, fearless warrior.

In sentence (1) each adjective adds something new to the meaning of the noun, *lad*, and so each is doing useful work.

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In sentence (2) the first adjective does useful work, but the two which follow add nothing new and so should be omitted.

III. Add two or three suitable adjectives to each of the following nouns, and examine them to see that each is doing useful work. Use commas as in examples (1) and (2).

(1) bull; (2) rose; (3) cloud; (4) hero; (5) nurse; (6) castle.

IV. Re-cast the following sentences, placing the words in italics at the beginning:

(1) Of Hereward's doings for the next few weeks *nought is known*.
(2) Alfrudra was *her name*.
(3) Knocking at the door was *a little white figure*.
(4) Windows in those days were *few and far between*.
(5) They never saw *Hereward* again.

V. Make six sentences using an "introductory *it*." Examples: *It* was impossible to turn. *It* is evident that he knew.

VI. Use *and* or *but*, where suitable, to join the following pairs of sentences:

(1) He was not afraid. He was angry and sad.
(2) It pierced the corslet. It hardly entered the flesh.
(3) He stuck spurs into his horse. Away it ran.
(4) A shield might have saved him. He had none.
(5) He saw the man in time. He warded off the blow.

Try to explain when *but* is used instead of *and*.

VII. *Variety in beginning a sentence*. With what part of speech does each sentence in paragraph 1, page 3, commence?

VIII. Make sentences beginning with the following groups of words, and then say what part of speech each of the words in italics is:

(a) *There* he lived . . . (b) *Hereward* . . . (c) *Looking* over the bulls and stags . . . (d) *Between* the English lad then and the English maiden . . . (e) *Wounded* in the head, he . . .

IX. LEARN by heart the passage beginning: "On reaching the courtyard gates" and ending—"left for a fresh victim." Page 3. This may help to serve as a model when you are trying to describe a very exciting incident.

WRITTEN EXERCISE

X. Describe the fight in the narrow gully.

II

HOW THE PICKWICKIANS DISPORTED THEMSELVES ON THE ICE

(From *The Pickwick Papers*)

By CHARLES DICKENS

“Now,” said Wardle, after a substantial lunch, with the agreeable items of strong beer and cherry-brandy, had been done ample justice to; “what say you to an hour on the ice? We shall have plenty of time.”

“Capital!” said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

“Prime!” ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

“You skate, of course, Winkle?” said Wardle.

“Ye-yes; oh, yes,” replied Mr. Winkle. “I—I—am *rather* out of practice.”

“Oh, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle,” said Arabella. “I like to see it so much.”

“Oh, it is *so* graceful,” said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was elegant, and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was “swan-like.”

“I should be very happy, I’m sure,” said Mr. Winkle, reddening; “but I have no skates.”

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had a couple of pair, and the fat boy announced that there were half-a-dozen more downstairs: whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice; and the fat boy and Mr. Weller, having shovelled and

swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvellous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight, and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies: which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm, when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions, which they called a reel.

All this time, Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on, with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone; "off with you, and show 'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir!"

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air, and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These—these—are very awkward skates; ain't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

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"I'm afeerd there's a orkard gen'l'm'n in 'em, sir," replied Sam.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. "Come; the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile. "I'm coming."

"Just a goin' to begin," said Sam, endeavouring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off!"

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thank'ee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle, hastily. "You needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas-box, Sam. I'll give it you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're wery good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam; will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There—that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too fast."

Mr. Winkle stooping forward, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and un-swan-like manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank:

"Sam!"

"Sir?"

"Here. I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam. "Don't you hear the governor a callin'? Let go, sir."

With a violent effort, Mr. Weller disengaged himself

from the grasp of the agonised Pickwickian, and, in so doing, administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the centre of the reel, at the very moment when Mr Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind, in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

“Are you hurt?” inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, with great anxiety.

“Not much,” said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

“I wish you’d let me bleed you,” said Mr. Benjamin, with great eagerness.

“No, thank you,” replied Mr. Winkle hurriedly.

“I really think you had better,” said Allen.

“Thank you,” replied Mr. Winkle; “I’d rather not.”

“What do *you* think, Mr. Pickwick?” inquired Bob Sawyer.

Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice, “Take his skates off.”

“No; but really I had scarcely begun,” remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

“Take his skates off,” repeated Mr. Pickwick firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it in silence.

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“Lift him up,” said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders; and, beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low, but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words:

“You’re a humbug, sir.”

“A what?” said Mr. Winkle, starting.

“A humbug, sir. I will speak plainer, if you wish it. An impostor, sir.”

With those words, Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel, and rejoined his friends.

While Mr. Pickwick was delivering himself of the sentiment just recorded, Mr. Weller and the fat boy, having by their joint endeavours cut out a slide, were exercising themselves thereupon, in a very masterly and brilliant manner. Sam Weller, in particular, was displaying that beautiful feat of fancy-sliding which is currently denominated “knocking at the cobbler’s door,” and which is achieved by skimming over the ice on one foot, and occasionally giving a postman’s knock upon it with the other. It was a good long slide, and there was something in the motion which Mr. Pickwick, who was very cold with standing still, could not help envying.

“It looks a nice warm exercise that, doesn’t it?” he inquired of Wardle, when that gentleman was thoroughly out of breath, by reason of the indefatigable manner in which he had converted his legs into a pair of compasses, and drawn complicated problems on the ice.

“Ah, it does indeed,” replied Wardle. “Do you slide?”

“I used to do so, on the gutters, when I was a boy,” replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Try it now," said Wardle.

"Oh do please, Mr. Pickwick!" cried all the ladies.

"I should be very happy to afford you any amusement," replied Mr. Pickwick, "but I haven't done such a thing these thirty years."

"Pooh! pooh! Nonsense!" said Wardle, dragging off his skates with the impetuosity which characterised all his proceedings. "Here; I'll keep you company; come along!" And away went the good-tempered old fellow down the slide, with a rapidity which came very close upon Mr. Weller, and beat the fat boy all to nothing.

Mr. Pickwick paused, considered, pulled off his gloves and put them in his hat: took two or three short runs, baulked himself as often, and at last took another run, and went slowly and gravely down the slide, with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators.

'Keep the pot a bilin', sir!" said Sam; and down went Wardle again, and then Mr. Pickwick, and then Sam, and then Mr. Winkle, and then Mr. Bob Sawyer, and then the fat boy, and then Mr. Snodgrass, following closely upon each other's heels, and running after each other with as much eagerness as if all their future prospects in life depended on their expedition.

It was the most intensely interesting thing to observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share in the ceremony; to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the person behind, gaining upon him at the imminent hazard of tripping him up; to see him gradually expend the painful force he had put on at first, and turn slowly round on the slide, with his face towards the point from which he had started; to contemplate the playful smile which mantled on his face

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when he had accomplished the distance, and the eagerness with which he turned round when he had done so, and ran after his predecessor, his black gaiters tripping pleasantly through the snow, and his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles.

The sport was at its height, the sliding was at the quickest, the laughter was at the loudest, when a sharp smart crack was heard. There was a quick rush towards the bank, a wild scream from the ladies, and a shout from Mr. Tupman. A large mass of ice disappeared; the water bubbled up over it; Mr. Pickwick's hat, gloves, and handkerchief were floating on the surface; and this was all of Mr. Pickwick that anybody could see.

Dismay and anguish were depicted on every countenance, the males turned pale, and the females fainted, Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle grasped each other by the hand, and gazed at the spot where their leader had gone down, with frenzied eagerness: while Mr. Tupman, by way of rendering the promptest assistance, and at the same time conveying to any persons who might be within hearing the clearest possible notion of the catastrophe, ran off across the country at his utmost speed, screaming “Fire!” with all his might.

It was at this moment, when old Wardle and Sam Weller were approaching the hole with cautious steps, and Mr. Benjamin Allen was holding a hurried consultation with Mr. Bob Sawyer on the advisability of bleeding the company generally, as an improving little bit of professional practice—it was at this very moment, that a face, head, and shoulders emerged from beneath the water and disclosed the features and spectacles of Mr. Pickwick.

“Keep yourself up for an instant—for only one instant!” bawled Mr. Snodgrass.

“Yes, do; let me implore you—for my sake!” roared Mr. Winkle, deeply affected. The adjuration was rather unnecessary; the probability being that, if Mr. Pickwick had declined to keep himself up for anybody else’s sake, it would have occurred to him that he might as well do so, for his own.

“Do you feel the bottom there, old fellow?” said Wardle.

“Yes, certainly,” replied Mr. Pickwick, wringing the water from his head and face, and gasping for breath. “I fell upon my back. I couldn’t get on my feet at first.”

The clay upon so much of Mr. Pickwick’s coat as was yet visible bore testimony to the accuracy of this statement; and as the fears of the spectators were still further relieved by the fat boy’s suddenly recollecting that the water was nowhere more than five feet deep, prodigies of valour were performed to get him out. After a vast quantity of splashing, and cracking, and struggling, Mr. Pickwick was at length fairly extricated from his unpleasant position, and once more stood on dry land.

“Oh, he’ll catch his death of cold,” said Emily.

“Dear old thing!” said Arabella. “Let me wrap this shawl round you, Mr. Pickwick.”

“Ah, that’s the best thing you can do,” said Wardle; “and when you’ve got it on, run home as fast as your legs can carry you, and jump into bed directly.”

A dozen shawls were offered on the instant. Three or four of the thickest having been selected, Mr. Pickwick was wrapped up, and started off, under the guidance of Mr. Weller: presenting the singular phenomenon of an elderly gentleman, dripping wet, and without a hat, with his arms bound down to his sides, skimming over the ground, without any clearly defined purpose, at the rate of six good English miles an hour.

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AIDS TO STUDY

(a) The greater part of this extract consists of direct speech, the use of which adds life and reality to the incidents described. Notice that in conversations a new line is begun to show a change of speaker. This helps the reader to follow the conversation more readily.

(b) In this extract the author shows a tendency (1) to use groups of words to express an idea, e.g. *bore reference to* for *referred to*; and (2) to use long rather than short words, e.g. *endeavoured to disengage himself* for *tried to free himself*.

I. Give examples, from page 16, of each of the above tendencies.

WORDS, PHRASES, AND SENTENCES

II. Study the following words, and then give in pairs (a) those which are similar, (b) those which are opposite in meaning. *Example (a) cautious, careful, (b) bright, dull.*

hazy, tired, pleasant, rebuke, grant, brutal, refuse, kind, success, failure, disagreeable, weary, energetic, scold.

III. Make sentences which show that you know the meaning of the following words and expressions:

(1) depend upon his expedition; (2) make spasmodic efforts; (3) indefatigable; (4) invigorating; (5) very singular manner; (6) at the expiration of; (7) remonstrate; (8) looked very perturbed.

IV. Give simple verb-forms for the following expressions:— made a statement; fixed a look upon him; hold a consultation with: to afford amusement; bore resemblance to; pay attention to; beat a retreat; offered resistance. *Example: to render assistance: to assist.*

V. Replace the adverbs in the following sentences by suitable adverb-phrases:

(a) He enquired *anxiously* whether he was hurt. (b) "Take his skates off," repeated Mr. Pickwick *very firmly*. (c) He adjusted his skates *dexterously*. (d) He approached the hole *very cautiously*. (e) He cast his nightcap *energetically* on the counterpane. (f) Mr. Benjamin said, *very eagerly*: "Let me bleed you." (g) Mr. Pickwick *most innocently* shouted from the opposite bank. *Example: He won the race *very easily*. He won the race *with great ease*.*

VI. Re-cast the following, using INDIRECT SPEECH instead of DIRECT SPEECH:

(a) "I shall be down in a quarter of an hour," said Mr. Pickwick. (b) Mr. Winkle replied, with a ghastly smile: "I'm coming." (c) "What do you think, Mr. Pickwick?" asked Bob Sawyer. (d) "It is so graceful," said another young lady. (e) "Are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Benjamin. (f) "I should be very happy," said Mr. Winkle, "but I have no skates." Example: *Mr. Pickwick said that he would be down in a quarter of an hour.*

GRAMMAR AND PUNCTUATION

VII. Punctuate the following, and add capital letters where necessary:

Now said wardle after a substantial lunch with the agreeable items of strong beer and cherry brandy had been done ample justice to what say you to an hour on the ice we shall have plenty of time.

capital said Mr. Benjamin Allen
 prime ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer
 you skate of course winkle said wardle.

VIII. Discuss the grammatical errors contained in the following:

(1) "These here ones is good." (2) "I shall manage to survive if he don't come back at all." (3) "T'other one—him in the barnacles—has got a barrel o' oysters." (4) "It ain't the right sort o' thing, wen mothers-in-law is young and good-looking."

HUMOUR

IX. Give a few examples of the humour of Mr. Weller. Here is one: "How slippery it is, Sam!" said Mr. Winkle. "Not an uncommon thing on ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

WRITTEN EXERCISES

X. Study carefully the descriptions given of (1) skating, and (2) sliding, and then write a paragraph on one of the following: (a) tobogganing, (b) wrestling, (c) a snow-ball fight.

III

SHORT STORIES IN VERSE

No. 1. LOCHINVAR

(*Lady Heron's Song from Marmion*)

By SIR WALTER SCOTT

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochi-var.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and
all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

“I long woo’d your daughter, my suit you denied:—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.”

The bride kiss’d the goblet: the knight took it up,
He quaff’d off the wine, and he threw down the cup
She look’d down to blush, and she look’d up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
“Now tread we a measure!” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and
plume;
And the bride-maidens whisper’d, “’Twere better by far,
To have match’d our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.”

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach’d the hall-door, and the charger stood
near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
“She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They’ll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting ’mong Græmes of the Netherby
clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they
ran;

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There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

No. 2. MAHMOUD

By LEIGH HUNT

THERE came a man, making his hasty moan
Before the Sultan Mahmoud on his throne,
And crying out, “My sorrow is my right;
And I *will* see the Sultan, and to-night”.
“Sorrow”, said Mahmoud, “is a reverend thing:
I recognize its right, as king with king.
Speak on.” “A fiend has got into my house,”
Exclaimed the staring man, “and tortures us:
One of thine officers; he comes, the abhorred,
And takes possession of my house, my board.”

“Is he there now?” said Mahmoud. “No, he left
The house when I did, of my wits bereft;
And laughed me down the street, because I vowed
I’d bring the prince himself to lay him in his shroud.
I’m mad with want—I’m mad with misery;
And oh, thou Sultan Mahmoud, God cries out for
thee!”

The Sultan comforted the man, and said,
“Go home, and I will send thee wine and bread”

(For he was poor), “and other comforts. Go;
And should the wretch return, let Sultan Mahmoud
know.”

In two days’ time, with haggard eyes and beard,
And chaken voice, the suitor re-appeared,
And said, “He’s come.” Mahmoud said not a word,
But rose and took four slaves, each with a sword,
And went with the vexed man. They reach the place,
And hear a voice, and see a woman’s face,
That to the window fluttered in affright.
“Go in,” said Mahmoud, “and put out the light;
But tell the females first to leave the room:
And when the drunkard follows them, we come.”

The man went in. There was a cry; and hark!
A table falls; the window is struck dark;
Forth rush the breathless women; and behind,
With curses, comes the fiend in desperate mind.
In vain: the sabres soon cut short the strife,
And chop the shrieking wretch, and drink his bloody life.

“Now *light* the light!” the Sultan cried aloud.
’T was done: he took it in his hand, and bowed
Over the corpse, and looked upon the face;
Then turned, and knelt, and to the throne of grace
Put up a prayer, and from his lips there crept
Some gentle words of pleasure, and he wept.

In reverent silence the spectators wait,
Then bring him, at his call, both wine and meat;
And when he had refreshed his noble heart,
He bade his host be blessed, and rose up to depart.

The man amazed, all mildness now, and tears,
Fell at the Sultan’s feet, with many prayers,

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And begged him to vouchsafe to tell his slave
The reason, first, of that command he gave
About the light; then, when he saw the face,
Why he knelt down; and, lastly, how it was
That fare so poor as his detained him in the place.

The Sultan said, with a benignant eye,—
“ Since first I saw thee come, and heard thy cry,
I could not rid me of a dread, that one,
By whom such daring villainies were done,
Must be some lord of mine—ay, e'en, perhaps, a son.
Whoe'er he was, I knew my task; but feared
A father's heart, in case the worst appeared.
For this I had the light put out; but when
I saw the face, and found a stranger slain,
I knelt, and thanked the sovereign Arbiter,
Whose work I had performed through pain and fear;
And then I rose, and was refreshed with food
The first time since thy voice had marred my solitude.”

No. 3. AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

By ROBERT BROWNING

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect,
By just his horse's mane, a boy,
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came thro')—
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Weil," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans,
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The Chief's eye flashed, his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The Chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes:
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, sire!" And his Chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

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QUESTIONS AND NOTES

- I. (a) What is the theme of each of the first four stanzas of *Lochinvar*? If each stanza were written as a paragraph in prose would it obey the *Law of Unity*? Notice that the idea expressed in the last line of the first stanza is repeated in the last line of the poem.
(b) Read the first stanza of *Lochinvar*, and then the first of *The Burial of Sir John Moore* (p. 82). Which should be read at a quick pace and which at a slow?
(c) The poems in this section are classed as narrative poems. Why?

WORDS, PHRASES, AND SENTENCES

- II. Fill the gaps in the following with suitable words—

THE LOSS OF THE BIRKENHEAD

Right on our flank the — sun went down,
The deep sea — around in dark repose,
When, like the — shriek from some captured —,
A cry of women —.
The stout ship Birkenhead lay — and fast,
Caught, without —, upon a hidden rock;
Her timbers thrilled as —, when thro' them —
The spirit of that —.

(SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE)

- III. Give for each of the following expressions a single word which has the same meaning:

(a) a high-spirited, brave, young man; (b) undue love of self; (c) a man who meanly shrinks from danger; (d) a man who betrays his country; (e) people who look on; (f) the harvest of the sea; (g) without a ray of hope.

- IV. Form nouns from the following adjectives: miserable; reverent; lonely; innocent; timid; oppressive; sleepy; jolly.

- V. SIMILES. Study the following simile: *Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide*. Now form similes from the following words and expressions: glittered; sleepy; like a star; behaved; as a dormouse; like a beast; old; playful; as the hills; as a kitten.

- VI. State as one sentence, in as many different ways as possible, the following groups of sentences:

(1) The French were storming Ratisbon. Napoleon was standing on a little mound. His neck was thrust out and his arms locked behind. (2) The bride kissed the goblet. The knight took it up. (3) Mahmoud said not a word. He rose and took four slaves. He went with the vexed man. (4) The man was amazed. He was all mildness now. He fell at the Sultan's feet. (5) I saw the face. I found a stranger slain. I knelt and thanked the sovereign Arbiter.

METRE—(a) *Rhythm*

Read aloud the following:

With cûr|ses comûs| the fiênd| in dûs|perate miûd|

You probably noticed that your voice dwelt longer on the syllables with the mark (') above them than on those without the mark. When the voice, for any reason whatever, makes a strong pause on a syllable that syllable is said to be accented. The regular occurrence of accented and unaccented syllables produces the quality which distinguishes poetry from prose.

VII. In which of the following lines do the accented syllables occur regularly, and in which, irregularly?

- (a) "The fiend comes with curses in desperate mind."
- (b) "I hen off there flung in smiling joy."
- (c) "The man amazed, all tears now, and mildness."
- (d) "And crying out, 'My sorrow is my right.'"

RHYME OR RIME

The repetition of the same sound at the ends of two or more lines in poetry is called *Rhyme*.

VIII. Which words or syllables rhyme in the first two stanzas of "Lochinvar?" What syllables in the poem rhyme with *var* in "Lochinvar"?

WRITTEN EXERCISE

IX. State briefly the theme of each stanza in "An Incident of the French Camp," and then give a prose version of the story.

IV

MY FIRST RIDE

(From *Lavengro*)

By GEORGE BORROW

AND it came to pass that, as I was standing by the door of the barrack stable, one of the grooms came out to me, saying, “I say, young gentleman, I wish you would give the cob a breathing this fine morning.”

“Why do you wish me to mount him?” said I; “you know he is dangerous. I saw him fling you off his back only a few days ago.”

“Why, that’s the very thing, master. I’d rather see anybody on his back than myself; he does not like me; but to them he does, he can be as gentle as a lamb.”

“But suppose,” said I, “that he should not like me?”

“We shall soon see that, master,” said the groom; “and if so be he shows temper, I will be the first to tell you to get down. But there’s no fear of that; you have never angered or insulted him, and to such as you, I say again, he’ll be as gentle as a lamb.”

“And how came you to insult him,” said I, “knowing his temper as you do?”

“Merely through forgetfulness, master. I was riding him about a month ago, and having a stick in my hand I struck him, thinking I was on another horse or, rather, thinking of nothing at all. He has never forgiven me, though before that time he was the only friend I had in the world; I should like to see you on him, master.”

"I should soon be off him, I can't ride."

"Then you are all right, master; there's no fear. Trust him for not hurting a young gentleman, an officer's son, who can't ride. If you were a blackguard dragoon, indeed, with long spurs, 'twere another thing; as it is, he'll treat you as if he were the elder brother that loves you. Ride! he'll soon teach you to ride if you leave the matter to him. He's the best riding-master in all Ireland, and the gentlest."

The cob was led forth. What a tremendous creature! I had frequently seen him before, and wondered at him; he was barely fifteen hands, but he had the girth of a Metropolitan dray-horse; his head was small in comparison with his immense neck, which curved down nobly to his wide back; his chest was broad and fine, and his shoulders models of symmetry and strength; he stood well and powerfully upon his legs, which were somewhat short. In a word, he was a gallant specimen of the genuine Irish cob, a species at one time not uncommon, but at the present day nearly extinct.

"There!" said the groom, as he looked at him half admiringly, half sorrowfully; "with sixteen stone on his back, he'll trot fourteen miles in one hour, with your nine stone, some two and a half more—ay, and clear a six-foot wall at the end of it."

"I'm half afraid," said I; "I had rather you would ride him."

"I'd rather so, too, if he would let me; but he remembers the blow. Now, don't be afraid, young master, he's longing to go out himself. He's been trampling with his feet these three days, and I know what that means; he'll let anybody ride him but myself, and thank them; but to me he says 'No, you struck me!'"

"But," said I, "where's the saddle?"

“Never mind the saddle; if you are ever to be a frank rider you must begin without a saddle; besides, if he felt a saddle, he would think you don’t trust him, and leave you to yourself. Now, before you mount, make his acquaintance. See, there, how he kisses you and licks your face, and see how he lifts his foot—that’s to shake hands. You may trust him now you are on his back at last. Mind how you hold the bridle—gently, gently! It’s not four pair hands like yours can hold him if he wishes to be off. Mind what I tell you—leave it all to him.”

Off went the cob at a slow and gentle trot, too fast, however, for so inexperienced a rider. I soon felt myself sliding off; the animal perceived it, too, and instantly stood stone still till I had righted myself. And now the groom came up: “When you feel yourself going,” said he, “don’t lay hold of the mane; that’s no use; mane never yet saved man from falling, no more than straw from drowning; it’s his sides you must cling to with your calves and feet, till you learn to balance yourself. That’s it, now abroad with you. I’ll bet my comrade a pot of beer that you’ll be a regular rough-rider by the time you come back.”

And so it proved; I followed the directions of the groom, and the cob gave me every assistance. How easy is riding, after the first timidity is got over, to supple and youthful limbs, and there is no second fear! The creature soon found that the nerves of his rider were in proper tone. Turning his head half round he made a kind of whining noise, flung out a little foam, and set off.

In less than two hours I had made the circuit of the Devil’s Mountain, and was returning along the road bathed in perspiration, but screaming with delight; the cob laughing in his equine way, scattering foam and

pebbles to the left and right, and trotting at the rate of sixteen miles an hour.

Oh, that ride! that first ride! Most truly it was an epoch in my existence, and I still look back to it with feelings of longing and regret. People may talk of first love—it is a very agreeable event, I dare say—but give me the flush and triumph and glorious sweat of a first ride, like mine on the mighty cob! My whole frame was shaken, it is true, and during one long week I cou'd hardly move foot or hand; but what of that? By that one trial I had become free, as I may say, of the whole equine species. No more fatigue, no more stiffness of joints, after that first ride round the Devil's Hill on the cob.

Oh, that cob! that Irish cob! May the sod lie lightly over the bones of the strongest, speediest, and most gallant of its kind! Oh, the days when, issuing from the barrack-gate of Templemore, we commenced our hurry-skurry just as inclination led, now across the fields, direct over stone walls and running brooks—mere pastime for the cob!—sometimes along the road to Thurles and Holy Cross, even to distant Cahir! What was distance to the cob? . . .

On a certain day I had been out on an excursion. In a cross-road, at some distance from the Satanic hill, the animal which I rode cast a shoe. By good luck a small village was at hand, at the entrance of which was a large shed, from which proceeded a most furious noise of hammering. Leading the cob by the bridle, I entered boldly. "Shoe this horse, and do it quickly, *a gough*," said I to a wild grimy figure of a man, whom I found alone, fashioning a piece of iron.

"*Arrigod yuit?*" said the fellow, desisting from his work and staring at me.

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“Oh yes, I have money!” said I, “and of the best;” and I pulled out an English shilling.

“*Tabhair chugam?*” said the smith, stretching out his grimy hand.

“No, I sha’n’t,” said I; “some people are glad to get their money when their work is done.”

The fellow hammered a little longer, and then proceeded to shoe the cob, after having first surveyed it with attention. He performed his job rather roughly, and more than once appeared to give the animal unnecessary pain, frequently making use of loud and boisterous words. By the time the work was done the creature was in a state of high excitement, and plunged and tore. The smith stood at a short distance, seeming to enjoy the irritation of the animal, and showing, in a remarkable manner, a huge fang, which projected from the under-jaw of a very wry mouth.

“You deserve better handling,” said I, as I went up to the cob and fondled it; whereupon it whinnied and attempted to touch my face with its nose.

“Are ye not afraid of that beast?” said the smith, showing his fang. “*Arrah*, it’s vicious that he looks!”

“It’s at you then! I don’t fear him;” and thereupon I passed under the horse, between his hind legs.

“And is that all you can do, *agrah?*” said the smith. “No,” said I, “I can ride him.”

“Ye can ride him, and what else, *agrah?*”

“I can leap him over a six-foot wall,” said I.

“Over a wall, and what more, *agrah?*”

“Nothing more,” said I; “what more would you have?”

“Can you do this, *agrah?*” said the smith; and he uttered a word which I had never heard before in a sharp, pungent tone. The effect upon myself was some-

what extraordinary: a strange thrill ran through me; but with regard to the cob it was terrible; the animal forthwith became like one mad, and reared and kicked with the utmost desperation.

“Can you do that, *agrah?*” said the smith.

“What was it?” said I, retreating. “I never saw the horse so before.”

“Go between his legs, *agrah,*” said the smith—“his hinder legs;” and he again showed his fang.

“I dare not,” said I; “he would kill me.”

“He would kill ye! And how do ye know that, *ag:ah?*”

“I feel he would,” said I; “something tells me so.”

“And it tells ye truth, *agrah;* but it’s a fine beast, and it’s a pity to see him in such a state. *Is agam an’t leigeas*”—and here he uttered another word in a voice singularly modified, but sweet and almost plaintive. The effect of it was instantaneous as that of the other, but now different! The animal lost all its fury, and became at once calm and gentle. The smith went up to it, coaxed and patted it, making use of various sounds of equal endearment; then turning to me, and holding out once more the grimy hand, he said: “And now ye will be giving me the Sassenach tenpence, *agrah?*”

AIDS TO STUDY—DESCRIPTIVE PARAGRAPHS

Read carefully the description of *the cob* on page 31, and note the following points:

- (a) The paragraph deals with one *theme* or *topic*, and one only—the *cob*.
- (b) First the *cob* is introduced and its general appearance described—*a tremendous creature*.
- (c) Then details are described in order—head, neck, chest, shoulders, etc.
- (d) After this, in the concluding sentence, the main idea of the opening sentence is emphasized—it is a *gallant creature*.

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All well-constructed paragraphs, if fairly long, should follow the development shown above—*main idea, amplification, concluding remarks*.

I. Taking the description of the cob as a model, describe, in one paragraph, any horse, dog, or cat in which you have been interested.

DESCRIPTIONS AND DEFINITIONS

The following *definition* of a smith is taken from a dictionary—"One who works in metals: one who forms articles of metals with the hammer: a blacksmith." The above could be said of all smiths in general.

The following is the beginning of a *description* of the smith mentioned in the extract.—"He was an Irishman with a wild, grimy face, and a very wry mouth. . . ." This can be said only of the particular smith who is described, not of all smiths in general.

The above examples show the chief difference between a description and a definition: *Descriptions are particular: definitions are general.*

II. Give (1) a definition of a house; (2) a description of the house in which you live.

WORDS, PHRASES, AND SENTENCES

III. What words or expressions are opposite, or nearly opposite, in meaning to the following?

timidity; stupidity; supple; gentle as a lamb; willingly; defeat; tremendous; genuine.

IV. Borrow makes too frequent use of the word *said*. Find cases in the extract where synonyms of either *said*, *asked*, or *replied* might more fittingly be used than *said*.

V. Make sentences which show that you know the meaning of the following expressions:

(a) flush and triumph. (b) feelings of longing and regret.
(c) state of high excitement. (d) clutch at a straw. (e) epoch in my existence. (f) in his equine way.

VI. Answer orally, in complete sentences, the following questions:

(1) Why would the cob not allow the groom to mount him?
(2) Why did the groom look at the cob half admiringly, half sorrowfully? (3) What instructions on riding did the

groom give his young master? (4) How did the smith treat the cob? (5) How did the cob show his approval of the young rider?

PUNCTUATION. (a) Vocative case.

Notice the use of commas in the following: "*Now, don't be afraid, young master, he's longing to go out himself.*" (*Young Master* is the person addressed.)

VII. What punctuation marks have been omitted from the following?

- (a) I say sir I wish you would give the cob a breathing.
- (b) Why master that's the very thing. (c) Come gentlemen listen to me. (d) You will be very foolish Peter not to make another effort. (e) You have been forgiven Fred.

VIII. Add quotation marks, where necessary, in the following:

- (a) But suppose that he should not like me said I. (b) Have you the money? asked the smith. (c) I'm half afraid said I. (d) Arrah! It's vicious that he looks exclaimed the smith. (e) He cried out Gently! Gently!

WRITTEN EXERCISES

IX. What is meant by "Some animals have long memories"? If possible, invent a story which shows that it is difficult to cure an animal of a dislike it may have taken to a person.

X. Make a list of all the words you know that could describe the action of a horse, e.g., *to neigh, to paw the ground.*

XI. By way of contrast, write a description, real or imaginary, of "My First Donkey-Ride."

V

THE ARCHERY CONTEST
(From *Ivanhoe*)

By SIR WALTER SCOTT

THE sound of the trumpets soon recalled those spectators who had already begun to leave the field; and proclamation was made that Prince John was pleased to appoint them, before leaving the ground, presently to execute the competition of archery intended for the morrow. To the best archer a prize was to be awarded, being a bugle-horn, mounted with silver, and a silken baldric richly ornamented with a medallion of S^t Hubert, the patron of silvan sport.

The list of competitors for these prizes amounted to eight. Prince John stepped from his royal seat to view more nearly the persons of these chosen yeomen, several of whom wore the royal livery. Having satisfied his curiosity by this investigation, he looked for the object of his resentment, whom he observed standing on the same spot, and with the same composed countenance which he had exhibited upon the preceding day.

“Fellow,” said Prince John, “I guessed by thy insolent babble thou wert no true lover of the long-bow, and I see thou darest not adventure thy skill among such merry men as stand yonder.”

“Under favour, sir,” replied the yeoman, “I have another reason for refraining to shoot.”

"And what is thy other reason?" said Prince John, who, for some cause which perhaps he could not himself have explained, felt a painful curiosity respecting this individual.

"Because," replied the woodsman, "I know not if these yeomen and I are used to shoot at the same marks; and because, moreover, I know not how your Grace might relish the winning of a third prize by one who has unwittingly fallen under your displeasure."

Prince John coloured as he put the question, "What is thy name, yeoman?"

"Locksley," answered the yeoman.

"Then, Locksley," said Prince John, "thou shalt shoot in thy turn, when these yeomen have displayed their skill. If thou carriest the prize, I will add to it twenty nobles; but if thou losest it, thou shalt be stripped of thy Lincoln green, and scourged out of the lists with bowstrings, for a wordy and insolent braggart."

"This is no fair chance you put on me, proud Prince," said the yeoman, "to compel me to peril myself against the best archers of Leicester and Staffordshire, under the penalty of infamy if they should over-shoot me. Nevertheless, I will obey your pleasure."

"Look to him close, men-at-arms," said Prince John, "his heart is sinking; I am jealous lest he attempt to escape the trial."

A target was placed at the upper end of the southern avenue which led to the lists. The contending archers took their station in turn, at the bottom of the southern access, the distance between that station and the mark allowing full distance for what was called a shot at rovers. The archers, having previously determined by lot their order of precedence, were to shoot each three shafts in succession. The sports were regulated by an

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officer of inferior rank, termed the Provost of the Games; for the high rank of the marshals of the lists would have been held degraded, had they condescended to superintend the sports of the yeomanry.

One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeomanlike and bravely. Of twenty-four arrows, shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target, and the others ranged so near it that, considering the distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, a forester in the service of Malvoisin, who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

“Now, Locksley,” said Prince John to the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, “wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric, and quiver to the Provost of the sports?”

“Sith it be no better,” said Locksley, “I am content to try my fortune; on condition that, when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert’s, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose.”

“That is but fair,” answered Prince John, “and it shall not be refused thee.—If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee.”

“A man can do but his best,” answered Hubert; “but my grandsire drew a good long bow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonour his memory.”

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow, with the arrow placed on the string. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow

at the full stretch of his left arm, till the centre or grasping-place was nigh level with his face, he drew his bowstring to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air, and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the centre.

“You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert,” said his antagonist, bending his bow, “or that had been a better shot.”

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stepped to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bowstring, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the centre than that of Hubert.

“By the light of heaven!” said Prince John to Hubert, “an thou suffer that runagate knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows!”

Hubert had but one set speech for all occasions. “An your highness were to hang me,” he said, “a man can but do his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow——”

“The foul fiend on thy grandsire and all his generation!” interrupted John; “shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be the worse for thee!”

Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place, and not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind, which had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very centre of the target.

“A Hubert! a Hubert!” shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger. “In the clout!—in the clout!—a Hubert for ever!”

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"Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said the Prince, with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley.

And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. The people who stood around were so astonished at his wonderful dexterity, that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamour. "This must be the devil, and no man of flesh and blood," whispered the yeomen to each other; "such archery was never seen since a bow was first bent in Britain."

"And now," said Locksley, "I will crave your Grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North Country; and welcome every brave yeoman who shall try a shot at it to win a smile from the bonny lass he loves best."

He then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards attend me," he said, "if you please; I go but to cut a rod from the next willow-bush."

Prince John made a signal that some attendants should follow him in case of his escape; but the cry of "Shame! shame!" which burst from the multitude, induced him to alter his ungenerous purpose.

Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, observing at the same time that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used, was to put shame upon his skill. "A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but," added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the

lists, and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at five-score yards, I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, an it were stout King Richard himself."

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life, and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the bucklers—or rather, I yield to the devil that is in his jerkin, and not to any human skill; a man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John.—"Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot; but, if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley; "no man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated their opinion of his skill—his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamations followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person. "These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with the bugle, thou hast fairly won, are thine own; we will make them fifty, if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our body-guard, and be near to our person."

"Pardon me, noble Prince," said Locksley; "but I have vowed that, if ever I take service, it should be

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with your royal brother King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I."

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger, and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd, and was seen no more.

AIDS TO STUDY

Notice the order of development of the extract—the nature of the contest (archery)—the prize—list of competitors—Prince John's dislike for one of the competitors (this has an important bearing on the story)—skilful shooting by the two chief rivals—the extraordinary target suggested by the man who was under the Prince's displeasure—his wonderful shooting—the discomfiture of Prince John—the winner's modest withdrawal from the scene.

WORDS, PHRASES, AND SENTENCES

I. Find synonyms for the following, and use each in a suitable sentence:

discontented; insolent; braggart; peasant; antagonist; abundant; wonderful.

II. Express in another way the meaning of each of the following sentences:

- (1) The day is not far spent. (2) He attempted to put shame on his skill. (3) He held himself bound to discontinue. (4) He put the question to him. (5) Wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert? (6) The spectators were astonished at his wonderful dexterity.

III. Replace by a noun in the genitive case the adjective-phrases printed in italics. (Example: the baldric of *Hubert*: *Hubert's* baldric.)

The festival for *to-morrow*; the skill of *the archer*; the shouts of *the archers*; the faithfulness of *the men*; the remarks of *Locksley*; the anger of *the king*.

IV. Answer orally, in complete sentences, the following questions:

- (1) What was proclaimed to the spectators? (2) What was the prize to be? (3) Where was the target placed? (4) What was Hubert's favourite remark? (5) What advice did Locksley give Hubert? (6) Why was the archery contest regulated by an officer of inferior rank?

V. State as one sentence the following pairs of sentences, changing one of each pair into a phrase or clause in apposition.

Example: *Two shots were fired by Hubert. He was a forester in the service of Malvoisin. Two shots were fired by Hubert, a forester in the service of Malvoisin.*

- (1) The prize was a baldric ornamented with a medallion of St. Hubert. St. Hubert was the patron of silvan sport. (2) Locksley was the man who had insulted the prince. Locksley was the famous Robin Hood of Mediæval mythology. (3) Robin Hood lived for many years in Sherwood forest. Sherwood forest was a royal woodland in the Midlands. (4) Fitzurse and De Bracy were friends of the Prince. They had just heard that King Richard was returning to England. (5) Locksley was an outlaw. He was very kind to the poor.

VI. State as one sentence the pairs of sentences given above, using a relative pronoun as the connective.

Example: *Two shots were fired by Hubert who was a forester in the service of Malvoisin.*

GRAMMAR—Agreement

VII. Complete the following sentences by inserting suitable verbs in the present tense:

- (1) Locksley with his merry band of outlaws — looking on. (2) Locksley and Hubert — their shafts into the inner circle. (3) Locksley, the bold outlaw and skilful archer, — known to many at the tournament. (4) Neither Prince John nor Waldemar — Locksley to win. (5) Victory or punishment — awaiting him. (6) His knowledge of the highways and by-ways — not surpassed by anyone in the district. (7) To Locksley, Little John, and the merry outlaws — given the credit of having helped many poor people in the district.

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VIII. *Relative Pronouns.* Fill in the gaps with words chosen from the following: *who, whom, whose, of whom; that, which, of which.*

- (1) I have a debt to pay to that insolent peasant — we saw yesterday. (2) I have a debt to pay to that insolent peasant — insulted us yesterday. (3) The prince viewed more nearly the chosen yeomen, several — wore the royal livery. (4) He was looking for the braggart — remark had irritated him. (5) The target — he proposed was too small for Hubert. (6) The prize, the details — had been noted, was won by Locksley.

WRITTEN EXERCISE

IX. Describe any close contest that took place on the last Sports Day held by your School.

VI

JULIUS CÆSAR

(WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE)

BRUTUS AND CASSIUS

(From *Act I, Scene II*)

[Cæsar, now “the foremost man of all this world,” has many enemies who are plotting his overthrow. Cassius, one of the most active members of the conspiracy, finds Brutus alone and takes the opportunity to point out the danger of Cæsar’s unbounded power].

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye and death i’ the other,
And I will look on both indifferently,
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be

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In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me "Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 't is true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should

So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone. [Shout. Flourish.

Bru. Another general shout!

I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that “Cæsar”?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:

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How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

[Brutus, after anxious thought, decides to join the movement against Cæsar. On the Ides (15th) of March, 44 B.C., Cæsar is assassinated in the Capitol. Brutus, much against the wish of Cassius, allows Mark Antony to speak at Cæsar's funeral. Brutus has just finished addressing the crowd.]

MARK ANTONY'S SPEECH

(Act III, Scene II)

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him. [ears;
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withdraws you then, to mourn for him?
O judgement! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Cit. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take
the crown;

Therefore 't is certain he was not ambitious.

First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Sec. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with
weeping.

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Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet, 't is his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Cit. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'T is good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

Fourth Cit. Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

Fourth Cit. They were traitors: honourable men!

All. The will! the testament!

Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers: the will! read
the will.

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

Several Cit. Come down.

Sec. Cit. Descend.

Third Cit. You shall have leave. [*Antony comes down.*]

Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round.

First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

Sec. Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Several Cit. Stand back; room; bear back.

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!

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This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Cit. O piteous spectacle!

Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar!

Third Cit. O woful day!

Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!

First Cit. O most bloody sight!

Sec. Cit. We will be revenged.

All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!
Let not a traitor live!

AIDS TO STUDY

Antony's speech cannot be too carefully studied. Notice that Antony is, at first, guarded in his praise of Cæsar. (Why?) Then, step by step, as he wins the audience over to his side, his praise is more and more forcibly expressed until at last the mob is crying out for vengeance. Such a development as this, a going upward, step by step, is called a CLIMAX (Greek, *ladder*).

Notice, also, that as Antony's praise for Cæsar increases so the complimentary term, *honourable men*, decreases in force until, at last, it is clear that the opposite of *honourable* is meant. The use of words in such a way as to convey the opposite of their usual meaning is called IRONY.

Notice the force of—

“I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar.”

WORDS, PHRASES, AND SENTENCES

I. Re-cast the following, changing the words in italics but not the meaning of the sentences:

(a) As well as I do know your *outward favour*. (b) *Accoutr'd* as I was I plunged in. (c) He would have *brooked* the eternal devil. (d) I have *o'ershot myself to tell you* of it. (c) The torrent roared and we did *buffet* it with *lusty sinews*.

II. Which of the words and phrases given below have the same, or almost the same, meaning?

interred; lack of thankfulness for favours received; colossal; grievous; a mean, timid person; gigantic; distressing; underling; huge; buried; ingratitude.

Read carefully the following:

(1) “*The evil that men do lives after them:
The good is oft interred with their bones.*”
(2) *I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.*

When sentences are divided by pauses into two parts of almost equal length they are said to be BALANCED. Notice, also, that the two parts of each of the above sentences show contrast.

III. Which of the following sentences show (1) balance, and (2) contrast?

(1) “When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept.”
(2) “I do believe that these applauses are for some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.” (3) “Had you rather that Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men?” (4) “Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold our Cæsar's vesture wounded?” (5) “I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke, but here I am to speak what I do know.”

IV. Find four balanced sentences on page 51. Which show contrast as well as balance?

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V. Make sentences which show balance and contrast, using any of the following words or expressions:

meek at school; to err is human; promised much; liked praise; to forgive, divine; disliked censure; did little; a bully at home.

GRAMMAR AND PUNCTUATION

VI. Correct, where necessary, the following sentences:

- (a) Oh, I and you have heard our fathers say . . .
- (b) We can both endure the winter's cold as well as him.
- (c) And let me show you he that made the will.
- (d) The wide walls of Rome only encompassed one man.
- (e) The evil that men do live after them.
- (f) Brutus, with the other conspirators, go to the Forum.

VII. Where should commas be inserted in the following sentences?

- (a) Good friends sweet friends let me not stir you up to such a flood of mutiny.
- (b) Brutus is wise valiant and honest.
- (c) Friends Romans countrymen lend me your ears.
- (d) Judge O you gods how dearly Cæsar loved him.
- (e) Read the will: we'll hear it Antony.

METRE. Read aloud the following lines:

“See what|a rent|the en|vious Cas|ca made|”

“O, what|a fall| was there,| my count|ry men!|”

Notes (a) The Shakespearian line consists of five feet; each foot consists of two syllables, the second syllable carrying the stress.

- (b) A foot which consists of an unaccented syllable followed by an accented syllable is called an *Iambus* or an *Iambic foot*. Note the line—“ Accoutred as I was I plunged in.” Why is *plunged* pronounced as two syllables?
- (c) The measuring of the feet and the marking of accented syllables of lines of verse is called *scansion*.
- (d) Most plays after the time of Marlowe were written in *Blank Verse*, that is verse without *end-rimes*.
- (e) Variations in the regular line are common. These prevent the creation of a wearying sameness in the rhythm.

VIII. Scan the following lines:

- (a) “I thrice presented him a kingly crown.”
- (b) “I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke.”
- (c) “Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.”

(d) "We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him."
(e) "Ambition should be made of sterner stuff."
Which of the above lines are irregular?

IX. Re-arrange in metrical order:

(a) The fault is not in our stars, dear Brutus.
(b) And muffling up his face in his mantle.
(c) I presented him a kingly crown thrice.
(d) Thou art fled to brutish beasts, O judgment.

WRITTEN EXERCISES

X. Write out the sentences or passages which impress you most. Here is one well-known sentence—"Men at some time are masters of their fate."

XI. Give a prose account of incidents related in this extract.

VII

CLIVE'S SCHOOLDAYS AND THE SIEGE OF ARCOT

(From MACAULAY'S *Essay on Sir Robert Clive*)

THE Clives had been settled, ever since the twelfth century, on an estate of no great value, near Market-Drayton in Shropshire. In the reign of George the First, this moderate but ancient inheritance was possessed by Mr. Richard Clive, who seems to have been a plain man of no great tact or capacity. He married a lady from Manchester, of the name of Gaskell, and became the father of a very numerous family. His eldest son, Robert, the founder of the British empire in India, was born at the old seat of his ancestors on the 29th of September, 1725.

Some lineaments of the character of the man were early discerned in the child. There remain letters written by his relations when he was in his seventh year; and from these letters it appears that, even at that early age, his strong will and his fiery passions, sustained by a constitutional intrepidity which sometimes seemed hardly compatible with soundness of mind, had begun to cause great uneasiness to his family. "Fighting," says one of his uncles, "to which he is out of measure addicted, gives his temper such a fierceness and imperiousness that he flies out on every trifling occasion." The old people of the neighbourhood still remember to have heard from their parents how Bob Clive climbed to the top of the lofty steeple

of Market-Drayton, and with what terror the inhabitants saw him seated on a stone spout near the summit. They also relate how he formed all the idle lads of the town into a kind of predatory army, and compelled the shopkeepers to submit to a tribute of apples and half-pence, in consideration of which he guaranteed the security of their windows. He was sent from school to school, making very little progress in his learning, and gaining for himself everywhere the character of an exceedingly naughty boy. One of his masters, it is said, was sagacious enough to prophesy that the idle lad would make a great figure in the world. But the general opinion seems to have been that poor Robert was a dunce, if not a reprobate. His family expected nothing good from such slender parts and such a headstrong temper. It is not strange therefore, that they gladly accepted for him, when he was in his eighteenth year, a writership in the service of the East India Company, and shipped him off to make a fortune or to die of a fever at Madras.

THE SIEGE OF ARCOT

[Four years after his arrival in India, Clive left his writer's desk to take part in the fighting that was being waged between the English and the French. He quickly won fame as a brave soldier and an able leader of men. In 1751 he was sent with a small force to besiege Arcot, the chief stronghold of Chunda Sahib, a native ally of the French. The garrison of Arcot, in panic, evacuated the fort, and Clive and his force entered it without a blow.]

BUT Clive well knew that he should not be suffered to retain undisturbed possession of his conquest. He instantly began to collect provisions, to throw up

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works, and to make preparations for sustaining a siege. The garrison, which had fled at his approach, had now recovered from its dismay, and, having been swelled by large reinforcements from the neighbourhood to a force of three thousand men, encamped close to the town. At dead of night, Clive marched out of the fort, attacked the camp by surprise, slew great numbers, dispersed the rest, and returned to his quarters without having lost a single man.

The intelligence of these events was soon carried to Chunda Sahib, who, with his French allies, was besieging Trichinopoly. He immediately detached four thousand men from his camp, and sent them to Arcot. They were speedily joined by the remains of the force which Clive had lately scattered. They were further strengthened by two thousand men from Vellore, and by a still more important reinforcement of a hundred and fifty French soldiers whom Dupleix despatched from Pondicherry. The whole of his army, amounting to about ten thousand men, was under the command of Rajah Sahib, son of Chunda Sahib.

Rajah Sahib proceeded to invest the fort of Arcot, which seemed quite incapable of sustaining a siege. The walls were ruinous, the ditches dry, the ramparts too narrow to admit the guns, the battlements too low to protect the soldiers. The little garrison had been greatly reduced by casualties. It now consisted of a hundred and twenty Europeans and two hundred sepoys. Only four officers were left; the stock of provisions was scanty; and the commander, who had to conduct the defence under circumstances so discouraging, was a young man of five-and-twenty, who had been bred a book-keeper.

During fifty days the siege went on. During fifty days the young captain maintained the defence, with a firmness, vigilance, and ability, which would have done honour to the oldest marshal in Europe. The breach, however, increased day by day. The garrison began to feel the pressure of hunger. Under such circumstances, any troops so scantily provided with officers might have been expected to show signs of insubordination; and the danger was peculiarly great in a force composed of men differing widely from each other in extraction, colour, language, manners and religion. But the devotion of the little band to its chief surpassed anything that is related of the Tenth Legion of Cæsar, or of the Old Guard of Napoleon. The sepoys came to Clive, not to complain of their scanty fare, but to propose that all the grain should be given to the Europeans, who required more nourishment than the natives of Asia. The thin gruel, they said, which was strained away from the rice, would suffice for themselves. History contains no more touching instance of military fidelity, or of the influence of a commanding mind.¹

An attempt made by the government of Madras to relieve the place had failed. But there was hope from another quarter. A body of six thousand Mahrattas, half soldiers, half robbers, under the command of a chief named Morari Row, had been hired to assist Mahommed Ali; but thinking the French power irresistible, and the triumph of Chunda Sahib certain, they had hitherto remained inactive on the frontiers of the Carnatic. The fame of the defence of Arcot

¹ It is sometimes said that Sepoys were cunning rather than devoted, as they probably knew that water in which rice has been boiled contains more nourishment than boiled rice. This, however, does not detract from the literary merit of the paragraph.

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roused them from their torpor. Morari Row declared that he had never before believed that Englishmen could fight, but that he would willingly help them since he saw that they had spirit to help themselves. Rajah Sahib learned that the Mahrattas were in motion. It was necessary for him to be expeditious. He first tried negotiation. He offered large bribes to Clive, which were rejected with scorn. He vowed that, if his proposals were not accepted, he would instantly storm the fort, and put every man in it to the sword. Clive told him in reply, with characteristic haughtiness, that his father was an usurper, that his army was a rabble and that he would do well to think twice before he sent such poltroons into a breach defended by English soldiers.

Rajah Sahib determined to storm the fort. The day was well suited to a bold military enterprise. It was the great Mahomedan festival which is sacred to the memory of Hosein, the son of Ali. The mournful legend relates how the chief of the Fatimites, when all his brave followers had perished round him, drank his latest draught of water, and uttered his latest prayer, how the assassins carried his head in triumph, how the tyrant smote the lifeless lips with his staff, and how a few old men recollect with tears that they had seen those lips pressed to the lips of the Prophet of God. After the lapse of near twelve centuries, the recurrence of this solemn season excites the fiercest and saddest emotions in the bosoms of the devout Moslem of India. They work themselves up to such agonies of rage and lamentation that some, it is said, have given up the ghost from the mere effect of mental excitement. They believe that whoever, during this festival, falls in arms against the infidels, atones by

his death for all the sins of his life, and passes at once to the garden of the Houris. It was at this time that Rajah Sahib determined to assault Arcot. Stimulating drugs were employed to aid the effect of religious zeal, and the besiegers, drunk with enthusiasm, drunk with bang, rushed furiously to the attack.

Clive had received secret intelligence of the design, had made his arrangements, and, exhausted by fatigue, had thrown himself on his bed. He was awakened by the alarm, and was instantly at his post. The enemy advanced, driving before them elephants whose foreheads were armed with iron plates. It was expected that the gates would yield to the shock of these living battering-rams. But the huge beasts no sooner felt the English musket-balls than they turned round, and rushed furiously away, trampling on the multitude which had urged them forward. A raft was launched on the water which filled one part of the ditch. Clive, perceiving that his gunners at that post did not understand their business, took the management of a piece of artillery himself, and cleared the raft in a few minutes. When the moat was dry the assailants mounted with great boldness; but they were received with a fire so heavy and so well directed, that it soon quelled the courage even of fanaticism and of intoxication. The rear ranks of the English kept the front ranks supplied with a constant succession of loaded muskets, and every shot told on the living mass below. After three desperate onsets, the besiegers retired behind the ditch.

The struggle lasted about an hour. Four hundred of the assailants fell. The garrison lost only five or six men. The besieged passed an anxious night, looking for a renewal of the attack. But when the day broke,

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the enemy were no more to be seen. They had retired, leaving to the English several guns and a large quantity of ammunition.

AIDS TO STUDY

What is the theme or topic of paragraph (1)? Note that paragraph (2) deals with only one aspect of Clive—his character.

Notice the rolling, sonorous sentences of paragraph (2), and the seven, short, crisp sentences of the last paragraph of the extract. Macaulay writes as if addressing an audience. After using a series of long, flowing sentences, he introduces a few, short, incisive ones, which have the same effect as tappings on a table meant to rouse an audience. Particularly when describing quick action does he use short sentences.

WORDS, PHRASES, AND SENTENCES

I. Make sentences which show that you know the meaning of the following words and expressions:

out of measure addicted; reduced by casualties; insubordination; with characteristic haughtiness; letters of recommendation; predatory; security; desperate.

Synonyms.

Bold, daring, courageous, dauntless, intrepid, brave, fearless, confident, impudent, audacious.

II. Which of the above adjectives are suitable for use with the following?

(a) military enterprise; (b) rascal; (c) of success; (d) in adversity; (e) action; (f) man; (g) commander; (h) promontory.

Triple Expressions.

Most people are familiar with the threefold expressions of the Prayer Book, such as “*a godly, righteous, and sober* life. Macaulay makes frequent use of such expressions.

III. Fill the gaps in the following with suitable words:

(N.B.—See that each adjective adds something *new* to the meaning of the word. Do not waste words. Which of the following show a good use of words, and which a bad? *He was*

rude, bad-mannered, and ill-behaved. He was clever, hard-working, and happy.)

- (a) In danger he was —, —, and —.
- (b) He acted with —, —, and —.
- (c) A —, —, — boy.
- (d) His —, —, and — mind.
- (e) A —, —, and — heart.

IV. State as one sentence, in as many ways as possible, each of the following groups of sentences:

- (a) His eldest son, Robert, was born in 1725. Robert was the founder of the British Empire in India.
- (b) The garrison had fled at his approach. It had now recovered from its dismay.
- (c) Clive perceived that his gunners did not understand their duty. He took the management of a piece of artillery himself. He cleared the raft in a few minutes.
- (d) Clive was in his eighteenth year. His parents accepted a writership for him. They shipped him off to Madras.

V. Write as one sentence each of the following groups of sentences, using some form of the relative pronoun as the connective.

- (a) He immediately collected four thousand men. All were well-armed.
- (b) The besieging force was strengthened by two thousand men. Dupleix had dispatched them from Bombay.
- (c) This moderate inheritance was possessed by Mr. Richard Clive. He seems to have been a man of no great ability.
- (d) He was stationed at a fort near Madras. It seemed quite incapable of sustaining a siege.

WRITTEN EXERCISES

VI. IMITATION. Write a paragraph on your family, closely following in construction paragraph (1) of the extract. You might start—*The Browns have been settled in—etc.*

VII. From what you have read of Clive in these extracts, draft a short report such as could fairly be written of him
(a) by his schoolmaster; (b) by his commanding officer.

VIII

HUNTED BY BLOODHOUNDS

(From *The Cloister and the Hearth*)

By CHARLES READE

[Ghysbrecht Van Swieten, the burgomaster of Tergon, with selfish, evil intentions, strives to prevent Gerard from marrying Margaret Brandt. He contrives to have Gerard placed in prison. Gerard escapes, carrying with him documents which contain incriminating evidence against Ghysbrecht. The incident, described below, occurs while Gerard, Margaret and their friend, Martin, are attempting to leave the country and elude pursuit.]

THE sun was peeping above the horizon as they crossed the stony field and made for the wood. They had crossed about half, when Margaret, who kept nervously looking back every now and then, uttered a cry, and, following her instinct, began to run towards the wood, screaming with terror all the way.

Ghysbrecht and his men were in hot pursuit. Resistance would have been madness. Martin and Gerard followed Margaret's example. The pursuers gained slightly on them; but Martin kept shouting, "Only win the wood! only win the wood!"

They had too good a start for the men on foot, and their hearts bounded with hope at Martin's words.

But an unforeseen danger attacked them. The fierv old burgomaster flung himself on his mule, and, spurring him to a gallop, he headed not his own men only, but the fugitives. His object was to cut them off.

The old man came galloping in a semicircle, and got on the edge of the wood, right in front of Gerard; the others might escape for aught he cared.

Instead of attempting to dodge him, as the burgo-master made sure he would, Gerard flew right at him, with a savage, exulting cry, and struck at him with all his heart and soul and strength. The oak staff came down on Ghysbrecht's face with a frightful crash, and laid him under his mule's tail beating the devil's tattoo with his heels, his face streaming, and his collar spattered with blood.

The next moment, the three were in the wood. The yell of dismay and vengeance that burst from Ghysbrecht's men at that terrible blow which felled their leader told the fugitives that it was now a race for life or death.

"Why run?" cried Gerard, panting. "You have your bow, and I have this," and he shook his bloody staff.

"Boy!" roared Martin; "the GALLONS! Follow me," and he fled into the wood. Soon they heard a cry like a pack of hounds opening on sight of the game. The men were in the wood, and saw them flitting amongst the trees. Margaret moaned and panted as she ran; and Gerard clenched his teeth and grasped his staff. The next minute they came to a stiff hazel coppice. Martin dashed into it, and shouldered the young wood aside as if it were standing corn.

Ere they had gone fifty yards in it they came to four blind paths.

Martin took one. "Bend low," said he. And, half-creeping, they glided along. Presently their path was again intersected with other little tortuous paths. They took one of them. It seemed to lead back; but it soon

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took a turn, and, after a while, brought them to a thick pine grove, where the walking was good and hard. There were no paths here; and the young fir-trees were so thick, you could not see three yards before your nose.

When they had gone some way in this, Martin sat down; and, having learned in war to lose all impression of danger with the danger itself, took a piece of bread and a slice of ham out of his wallet, and began quietly to eat his breakfast.

The young ones looked at him with dismay.

“Hush!” said Martin sometime afterwards. “I can’t hear for your chat.”

“What is it?”

“Do you hear nothing, Margaret? My ears are getting old.”

Margaret listened, and presently she heard a tuneful sound, like a single stroke upon a deep ringing bell. She described it so to Martin.

“Nay, I heard it,” said he.

“And so did I,” said Gerard; “it was beautiful. Ah! there it is again. How sweetly it blends with the air. It is a long way off. It is before us, is it not?”

“No, no! the echoes of this wood confound the ear of a stranger. It comes from the pine grove.”

“Why, Martin, is this *anything*?” asked Gerard. “You look pale.”

“Wonderful!” said Martin, with a sickly sneer. “He asks me is it *anything*? Come, on, on! at any rate, let us reach a better place than this.”

“A better place—for what?”

“To stand at bay, Gerard,” said Martin gravely; “and die like soldiers, killing three for one.”

“What’s that sound?”

“IT IS THE AVENGER OF BLOOD.”

“Oh, Martin, save him! Oh, Heaven be merciful!
What new mysterious peril is this?”

“GIRL, IT’S A BLOODHOUND.”

•

Martin’s courage was perfect as far as it went. He had met and baffled many dangers in the course of his rude life, and these familiar dangers he could face with Spartan fortitude, almost with indifference; but he had never been hunted by a bloodhound, nor had he ever seen that brute’s unerring instinct baffled by human cunning. After going a few steps, he leaned on his bow, and energy and hope oozed out of him.

“Alas! good Martin,” cried Gerard, “despair not so quickly; there must be some way to escape.”

“Oh, Martin!” cried Margaret, “what if we were to part company? Gerard’s life alone is forfeit. Is there no way to draw the pursuit on us twain and let him go safe?”

“Girl, you know not the bloodhound’s nature. He is not on this man’s track or that; he is on the track of blood. My life on’t they have taken him to where Ghysbrecht fell, and from the dead man’s blood to the man that shed it that cursed hound will lead them, though Gerard should run through an army or swim the Meuse.” And again he leaned upon his bow and his head sank.

“Come, be a man!” said Margaret, “and let this end. Take us to some thick place, where numbers will not avail our foes.”

“I am going,” said Martin sulkily. “Hurry avails not; we cannot shun the hound, and the place is hard

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by." Then turning to the left, he led the way, as men go to execution.

He soon brought them to a thick hazel coppice. "What are we to do now?" asked Gerard.

"Get through this, and wait on the other side; and then, as they come straggling through, shoot three, knock two on the head, and the rest will kill us."

"Is that all you can think of?" said Gerard.

"That is all."

"Then, Martin Wittenhaagen, I take the lead, for you have lost your head. Now do as you see me do," said Gerard; and drawing his huge knife, he cut at every step a hazel shoot or two close by the ground, and turning round twisted them breast-high behind him among the standing shoots. Martin did the same, but with a dogged hopeless air. When they had thus painfully travelled through the greater part of the coppice, the bloodhound's deep bay came nearer and nearer, less and less musical, louder and sterner.

Margaret trembled.

Martin went down on his stomach and listened.

"I hear a horse's feet."

"No," said Gerard; "I doubt it is a mule's. That cursed Ghysbrecht is still alive: none other would follow me up so bitterly."

"Never strike your enemy but to slay him," said Martin gloomily.

"I'll hit harder this time, if Heaven gives me the chance," said Gerard.

At last they worked through the coppice, and there was an open wood. The trees were large, but far apart, and no escape possible that way.

And now with the hound's bay mingled a score of voices, hooping and hallooing.

"The whole village is out after us," said Martin.

"I care not," said Gerard. "Listen, Martin. I have made the track smooth to the dog, but rough to the men, that we may deal with them apart. Thus the hound will gain on the men, and as soon as he comes out of the coppice we must kill him."

"The hound? There are more than one."

"Then we must kill two instead of one. The moment they are dead, into the coppice again, and go right back."

"That is a good thought, Gerard," said Martin, plucking up heart.

"Hush! the men are in the wood."

Gerard now gave his orders in a whisper.

"Stand you with your bow by the side of the coppice—there, in the ditch. I will go but a few yards to yon oak-tree, and hide behind it; the dogs will follow me, and, as they come out, shoot as many as you can; the rest will I brain as they come round the tree."

Martin's eye flashed. They took up their places.

The hooping and hallooing came closer and closer, and soon even the rustling of the young wood was heard, and every now and then the unerring blood-hound gave a single bay.

It was terrible! the branches rustling nearer and nearer, and the inevitable struggle for life and death coming on minute by minute, and that death-knell leading it. A trembling hand was laid on Gerard's shoulder. It made him start violently, strung up as he was.

"Martin says if we are forced to part company, make for that high ash-tree we came in by."

"Yes! yes! yes! but go back for Heaven's sake! don't come here, all out in the open!"

She ran back towards Martin; but, ere she could get to him, suddenly a huge dog burst out of the coppice, and stood erect a moment. Margaret cowered with fear, but he never noticed her. Scent was to him what sight is to us. He lowered his nose an instant, and the next moment, with an awful yell, sprang straight at Gerard's tree, and rolled head-over-heels dead as a stone, literally spitted by an arrow from the bow that twanged beside the coppice in Martin's hand. That same moment out came another hound and smelt his dead comrade. Gerard rushed out at him; but ere he could use his cudgel, a streak of white lightning seemed to strike the hound and he grovelled in the dust, wounded desperately, but not killed, and howling piteously.

Gerard had not time to despatch him: the coppice rustled too near: it seemed alive. Pointing wildly to Martin to go back, Gerard ran a few yards to the right, then crept cautiously into the thick coppice just as three men burst out. These had headed their comrades considerably: the rest were following at various distances. Gerard crawled back almost on all-fours. Instinct taught Martin and Margaret to do the same upon their line of retreat. Thus, within the distance of a few yards, the pursuers and pursued were passing one another upon opposite tracks.

A loud cry announced the discovery of the dead and the wounded hound. Then followed a babble of voices, still swelling as fresh pursuers reached the spot. The hunters, as usual on a surprise, were wasting time, and the hunted ones were making the most of it.

"I hear no more hounds," whispered Martin to Margaret, and he was himself again.

It was Margaret's turn to tremble and despair.

"Oh, why did we part with Gerard? They will kill my Gerard, and I not near him."

"Nay, nay! the head to catch him is not on their shoulders. You bade him meet us at the ash-tree?"

"And so I did. Bless you, Martin, for thinking of that. To the ash-tree!"

"Ay! but with less noise."

They were now nearly at the edge of the coppice, when suddenly they heard hooping and hallooing behind them.

"No matter," whispered Martin to his trembling companion. "We shall have time to win clear and slip out of sight by hard running. Ah!"

He stooped suddenly; for just as he was going to burst out of the brushwood, his eye caught a figure keeping sentinel. It was Ghysbrecht Van Swieten seated on his mule; a bloody bandage was across his nose, the bridge of which was broken; but over this his eyes peered keenly, and it was plain by their expression he had heard the fugitives rustle, and was looking out for them.

The bow was raised, and the deadly arrow steadily drawn to its head, when at that moment an active figure leaped on Ghysbrecht from behind so swiftly, it was like a hawk swooping on a pigeon. A kerchief went over the burgomaster, in a turn of the hand his head was muffled in it, and he was whirled from his seat and fell heavily upon the ground, where he lay groaning with terror; and Gerard jumped down after him.

"Hist, Martin! Martin!"

Martin and Margaret came out, the former open-mouthed, crying, "Now fly! fly! while they are all in the thicket; we are saved."

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In a moment Martin was on Ghysbrecht's mule, and Gerard raised the fainting girl in his arms and placed her on the saddle, and relieved Martin of his bow.

"Now, have you got her firm? Then fly! for our lives! for our lives!"

But even as the mule, urged suddenly by Martin's heel, scattered the flints with his hind hoofs ere he got into a canter, and even as Gerard withdrew his foot from Ghysbrecht's throat to run, Dierich Brower and his five men, who had come back for orders and heard the burgomaster's cries, burst roaring out of the coppice on them.

Confused for a moment, like lions that miss their spring, Dierich and his men let Gerard and the mule put ten yards between them. Then they flew after with uplifted weapons. They were sure of catching them; for this was not the first time the parties had measured speed. In the open ground they had gained visibly on the three this morning, and now, at last, it was a fair race again, to be settled by speed alone. A hundred yards were covered in no time. Yet still there remained these ten yards between the pursuers and the pursued.

This increase of speed since the morning puzzled Dierich Brower. The reason was this. When three run in company, the pace is that of the slowest of the three. From Peter's house to the edge of the forest Gerard ran Margaret's pace; but now he ran his own; for the mule was fleet, and could have left them all far behind. Moreover, youth and chaste living began to tell. Daylight grew imperceptibly between the hunted ones and the hunters. Then Dierich made a desperate effort, and gained two yards; but in a few

seconds Gerard had stolen them quietly back. The pursuers began to curse.

Martin heard, and his face lighted up. "Courage, Gerard! courage, brave lad! they are straggling."

It was so. Dierich was now headed by one of his men, and another dropped into the rear altogether.

They came to a rising ground, not sharp, but long; and here youth, and grit, and sober living told more than ever.

Ere he reached the top, Dierich's forty years weighed him down like forty bullets. "Our cake is dough," he gasped. "Take him dead, if you can't alive;" and he left running, and followed at a foot's pace. Jorian Ketel tailed off next; and then another, and so, one by one, Gerard ran them all to a standstill. They stood cursing watching him quickly vanishing in the distance.

AIDS TO STUDY

Notice that the narrative sometimes moves in sudden thrusts rather than smoothly. This effect is produced by the use of groups of short sentences and of paragraphs which consist of one short sentence only. Is such an effect desirable when quick, intense action is described? Would it be in keeping in a statement of ideas which require careful, quiet thought? Read paragraph 1 on page 87, and notice how smoothly the long sentences flow. There is no suggestion of haste or speed. In which other extracts have you noticed the use of short, crisp sentences?

WORDS, PHRASES, AND SENTENCES

I. Use the following words in suitable sentences:

- (a) credulous, credible; (b) envious, enviable; (c) unthinkable, unthinking; (d) prosecute, persecute; (e) restful, restless; (f) lovely, lovable.

Homonyms.

II. Homonyms are words which agree with other words in sound, and perhaps in spelling, but differ from them in meaning.

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Use the following homonyms in suitable sentences:

- (a) soul, sole; (b) plane, plain; (c) waist, waste; (d) fair, fare; (e) strait, straight; (f) faint, feint.

III. Make sentences, using the following words (1) as nouns, (2) as verbs:

crash, race, surprise, score, measure.

Clearness.

In all that you say or write aim at making your meaning clear. The following rule will help you—*Things that are to be thought of together must be mentioned together.* When this important rule is violated, the meaning or sense of the sentence may be marred or it may be changed altogether.

IV. Re-state the following sentences so as to make their meaning clear:

- (a) The oak staff came down with a fearful crash on Ghysbrecht's face, weighted with lead at the end.
- (b) Gerard awaited the quickly advancing bloodhound, hiding behind a tree.
- (c) Ghysbrecht was suddenly attacked by Gerard, who, seated on his mule, was too sore with his wounds to move.
- (d) And now a score of voices was heard mingled with the bray of hounds, hooping and hallooing.

EMPHASIS

“Boy!” roared Martin: “the **GALLOWS!**”

The above shows perhaps the clumsiest way of emphasizing a word. A more skilful way of drawing attention to a word is to place it, out of its normal position, in either of the two most striking positions in a sentence—the beginning and the end. Example: *Blessed* are the peace-makers. (See *Inversion* on page 86).

V. Re-cast the following sentences, emphasizing the words in *italics*:

- (1) Diana is *great*. (2) The attack which caused his defeat was *unforeseen*. (3) Do you expect *Tom* to do it for you.
- (4) The quality chiefly needed in *adversity* is courage.
- (5) Brave Horatius stood *alone*.
- (6) The bird soared *high* into the air.

USE OF PRONOUNS. (*Be careful to use pronouns in such a way that there can be no mistake in the meaning.*)

VI. Re-cast the following, so as to make the meaning clear:

- (a) Martin told Gerard that if he did not trust him he thought he had better leave him. (Who was to leave?)
- (b) Scotland was at war with England and they decided to cross the border.)
- (c) He took the money, bowed his head in shame and put it in his pocket.
- (d) Gerard read Margaret's letters, wrung his hands in despair, and then put them in his wallet.
- (e) Martin told Tom he (who?) would know where to look for him (whom?). (N.B.—In some cases it is better to use direct speech. Martin said: "I shall know where to look for you," or, "You will know where to look for me.")

GRAMMAR

VII. Correct what is defective in the following sentences:

- (a) The staff came down with a frightful crash and laid him under his mule's tail. There he laid for a long time.
- (b) A loud cry announced the discovery of the dead and wounded hound.
- (c) When three run in company the pace is that of the slower of the three.
- (d) Gerard with Martin and Margaret were advancing cautiously.
- (e) Soon they heard a cry like a pack of hounds.

WRITTEN EXERCISES

VIII. Answer as fully as possible the following questions:

- (1) Why is it so difficult to baffle bloodhounds?
- (2) How did Gerard make the track smooth for the dogs and rough for the men?
- (3) How in the end did the fugitives make good their escape?

IX

THREE POEMS AND AN EXTRACT

(WORDSWORTH, SCOTT, WOLFE, BORROW)

No. 1. LUCY GRAY

(By W. WORDSWORTH)

[The following poem is founded on fact. A little girl, living near Halifax in Yorkshire, lost her way in a blinding snow-storm. Her parents tracked her footmarks to the middle of a lock where "further there were none." Soon afterwards the body was found in the canal.]

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray:

 And, when I cross'd the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
 The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
 She dwelt on a wide moor,
—The sweetest thing that ever grew
 Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
 The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
 Will never more be seen.

‘To-night will be a stormy night—

‘You to the town must go;

‘And take a lantern, Child, to light

‘Your mother through the snow.’

‘That, Father, will I gladly do :

‘Tis scarcely afternoon—

‘The minster-clock has just struck two,

‘And yonder is the moon !’

At this the father raised his hook,

And snapp’d a faggot band;

He plied his work;—and Lucy took

The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe:

With many a wanton stroke

Her feet disperse the powdery snow,

That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:

She wander’d up and down;

And many a hill did Lucy climb:

But never reach’d the town.

The wretched parents all that night

Went shouting far and wide;

But there was neither sound nor sight

To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood

That overlook’d the moor;

And thence they saw the bridge of wood,

A furlong from their door.

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They wept—and, turning homeward, cried,
‘In heaven we all shall meet!’

—When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy’s feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill’s edge
They track’d the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall:

And then an open field they cross’d:
The marks were still the same;
They track’d them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They follow’d from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

—Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

No. 2. HELVELLYN

By SIR. W. SCOTT

I CLIMB'D the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd misty and wide;
All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I mark'd the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

Dark green was that spot 'mid the brown mountain heather,
Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretch'd in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandon'd to weather
Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start?
How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?

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And, oh! was it meet, that—no requiem read o'er him—
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before him—
Unhonour'd the Pilgrim from life should depart?

When a Prince to the fate of the Peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall;
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are
gleaming;
In the proudly-arch'd chapel the banners are beaming,
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a Chief of the People should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,
When, wilder'd, he drops from some cliff huge in
stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedicam.

NO. 3. THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA

By C. WOLFE

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollow'd his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

No. 4. MOORE'S TOMB

(From *Wanderings in Spain*)

By GEORGE BORROW

IN the centre of this battery stands the tomb of Moore, built by the chivalrous French, in commemoration of the fall of their heroic antagonist. It is oblong and surmounted by a slab, and on either side bears one of the simple and sublime epitaphs for which our rivals are celebrated, and which stand in such powerful contrast with the bloated and bombastic inscriptions which deform the walls of Westminster Abbey,—

“JOHN MOORE
LEADER OF THE ENGLISH ARMIES,
SLAIN IN BATTLE,
1809.”

The tomb itself is of marble, and around it is a quadrangular wall, breast high, of rough Gallegan granite; close to each corner rises from the earth the breech of an immense brass cannon, intended to keep the wall compact and close. These outer erections are, however, not the work of the French, but of the English government.

Yes, there lies the hero, almost within sight of the glorious hill where he turned upon his pursuers like a lion at bay and terminated his career. Many acquire immortality without seeking it, and die before its first ray has gilded their name; of these was Moore. The harassed general, flying through Castile with his dis-

pirited troops before a fierce and terrible enemy, little dreamed that he was on the point of attaining that for which many a better, greater, though certainly not braver man, had sighed in vain. His very misfortunes were the means which secured him immortal fame; his disastrous route, bloody death, and finally, his tomb on a foreign strand, far from kin and friends. There is scarcely a Spaniard but has heard of this tomb, and speaks of it with a strange kind of awe.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

(a) Notice how the sad story of a little, innocent girl, Lucy *Gray*, is told in simple, almost fairy-like words. The tune is soft and slow-moving.

(b) Which word-picture in *Lucy Gray* strikes you as being particularly vivid and pathetic? When did her parents suffer most?

(c) Scott was a great lover of dogs. Which lines are referred to in the following statement?—"Scott feels so intensely for the dog that he appears to get behind the dog's mind and give expression to her misery."

(d) Notice in *The Burial of Sir John Moore* how skilfully the poet has maintained the steady rhythm of a funeral march. The music blends well with the theme.

WORDS, PHRASES, AND SENTENCES

Notice that there are many words and expressions used in poetry which would sound out of place in prose. These are referred to as POETIC DICTION. Examples: *the tenantless clay: meet far for thee: oft: yon: fair daffodils.*

I. Give examples from poems (1) and (2) of expressions which are more suitable for use in poetry than in prose.

II. Which words in the following expressions are used with particularly good effect?

(a) *the struggling moonbeam's misty light.*

(b) *the distant and random guns that the enemy were sullenly firing.*

III. Find in the poems other words which are very apt in their application.

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Inversion.

Inversion is the placing of words out of their usual order in a sentence. This is done mainly for (1) variety of construction; (2) emphasis; and (3) rhythm. Example (for rhythm) *Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere*: *Then King Arthur spake to Sir Bedivere.*

IV. Re-state the following sentences, placing the words in the order usually followed in prose:

- (a) "Oft have I heard of Lucy Gray."
- (b) "Few and short were the prayers we said."
- (c) "No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew."
- (d) "Slowly and sadly we laid him down."
- (e) "As his corpse to the rampart we hurried."
- (f) "Mute stood the pages by the canopied pall."

V. Describe the MENTAL PICTURE brought to your mind by the first verse of *The Burial of Sir John Moore*.

VI. State in as few words as possible the topic or theme of each of the first four verses of *Lucy Gray*.

METRE

VII. Write out in metrical form the sentence stated below. The end-rimes are printed in italics.

"When a prince has *yielded* to the fate of a peasant
the tapestry round the dim-lighted *hall* waves dark; the
coffin is *shielded* with scutcheons of silver, and by the
canopied *pall* pages stand mute."

(Note that the sentence above lacks rhythm.)

WRITTEN EXERCISE

VIII. Read the description, "Moore's Tomb," and then reproduce it from memory.

X

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY

A COUNTRY SUNDAY

(From *The Spectator*)

By JOSEPH ADDISON

I AM always very well pleased with a country *Sunday*, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people wou'd soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. *Sunday* clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the *Church-yard*, as a citizen does upon the *Change*, the whole parish-politics being generally discussed in that place, either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing: He has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion-table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that, in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a common-prayer-book; and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for, if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old Knight's particularities break out upon these occasions: sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces *Amen* three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when every body else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one *John Matthews* to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This *John Matthews* it seems

is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the Knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behaviour; besides that, the general good sense and worthiness of his character makes his friends observe these little singularities as foils, that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The Knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising-day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a bible to be given him next day for his encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place: and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church-service, has promised upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that arise between the parson and the 'squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at

the 'squire, and the 'squire to be revenged on the parson never comes to church. The 'squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every *Sunday* in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them in almost every sermon, that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the 'squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year, who do not believe it.

AIDS TO STUDY

Notice how strictly paragraph (1) obeys the *Law of Unity*. The main topic can be briefly expressed—*the value of Sunday as a human institution*. In each of the remaining paragraphs the main theme is equally well defined. The second paragraph develops the fact that *Sir Roger is a good churchman*. State briefly the main topic of each of the paragraphs from 3 to 6.

Notice also how naturally each idea follows the one which precedes it. The transition or change from one topic to another is very smooth: there is nothing jarring; nothing which forces the reader to halt to make sure he is following the main train of thought. Transition, you will learn later, is important in the writing of essays, etc.

WORDS, PHRASES, AND SENTENCES

I. Which of the following words are (a) similar, (b) opposite in meaning?—

Odd; contention; generally; overt; rustic; strife; usually; secret; particularities; rural; strange; peculiarities.

II. Complete each of the following sentences by using the right word from the list given below, and tell why you prefer each word you select.

Congregation, audience, meeting, assembly, gathering.

- (a) Sometimes during the sermon he will stand up to count the ____.
- (b) An ____ of divines was called to discuss changes in the Prayer-Book.
- (c) At Christmas there will be a family ____.
- (d) All interested in cricket are invited to a ____ at 9.30 p.m.
- (e) Her song was well received by the ____.

What is common to the meaning of all the words in the list?

III. The following sentences express a jumble of ideas. Re-arrange them in an orderly manner, grouping those which deal with the same topic.

- (1) My friend, Sir Roger, is a good churchman. (2) If Sir Roger sees anybody sleeping in church he sends his servant to wake them. (3) He has beautified the inside of his church with texts of his own choosing. (4) In the next village the parson and the squire live in a perpetual state of war. (5) As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole parish, he keeps them in good order. (6) The feud between Squire and Parson in the next parish is fatal to the ordinary people. (7) He has given a handsome pulpit cloth to the church. (8) Last Sunday John Matthews, who was kicking his heels for his diversion, was told to mind what he was about.

IV. When you have grouped the ideas, try to express each group in one sentence.

V. Write as one sentence the following groups of sentences, using any of these words: *as, as soon as, if, though, when, till*.

- (a) He stands up. Everybody else is upon their knees.
- (b) Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation. He keeps them in good order.
- (c) This authority of the knight has a good effect upon the parish. It is exerted in an odd manner.
- (d) By chance he sees John Matthews kicking his heels. He sends his servant to him.
- (e) The sermon is finished. Nobody presumes to stir. Sir Roger is gone out of church.

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GRAMMAR. *Tense*

VI. Some of the verbs in the following are used in the wrong tense. Correct where necessary.

- (a) He told me he will give every one of them a hassock.
- (b) That time John Matthews is kicking his heels: this time he was looking round at his friends.
- (c) If he saw anybody nodding, he sends his servant to wake them.
- (d) He employed an itinerant singing-master so that they may be instructed rightly in the tunes of the psalms.
- (e) The chaplain tells me that Sir Roger had ordered a Bible to be given to a boy for his encouragement.

Voice

VII. Restate the following, changing the verbs into the passive voice:

- (a) A country Sunday always pleases me.
- (b) Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week.
- (c) Sir Roger has beautified the inside of the church.
- (d) He has railed in the communion-table at his own expense.
- (e) Sir Roger has often told me the story.
- (f) Sunday refreshes in their minds the notions of religion.

WRITTEN EXERCISES

VIII. Write one paragraph on each of the following themes:

- (a) Sir Roger encourages his tenants to become good churchmen.
- (b) Sir Roger maintains good discipline in church.
- (c) The feud in the next parish between the squire and parson.
- (d) Villagers at Church.

IX. Contrast with Sir Roger a "bold, bad" squire.

THE DISABLED SOLDIER

(From *The Citizen of the World*)

By OLIVER GOLDSMITH

THE misfortunes of the great, my friend, are held up to engage our attention, are enlarged upon in tones of declamation, and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers; they have at once the comfort of admiration and pity.

Yet, where is the magnanimity of bearing misfortunes, when the whole world is looking on? Men in such circumstances can act bravely, even from motives of vanity. He only, who in the vale of obscurity can brave adversity, who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his distresses, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great; whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

The miseries of the poor are, however, entirely disregarded; though some undergo more real hardships in one day, than the great, in their whole lives. It is indeed inconceivable what difficulties the meanest English sailor or soldier endures, without murmuring or regret. Every day to him is a day of misery, and yet he bears his hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear the heroes of tragedy complain of misfortunes and hardships, whose greatest calamity is founded in arrogance and pride! Their

severest distresses are pleasures, compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day sustain, without murmuring. These may eat, drink, and sleep; have slaves to attend them, and are sure of subsistence for life; while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander, without a friend to comfort or to assist them, find enmity in every law, and are too poor to obtain even justice.

I have been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow begging at one of the outlets of this town, with a wooden leg. I was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation; and, after giving him what I thought proper, desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier, for such he was, with an intrepidity truly British, leaning on his crutch, put himself into an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows:

“As for misfortunes, sir, I cannot pretend to have gone through more than others. Except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don’t know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have to complain: there are some who have lost both legs and an eye; but, thank Heaven, it is not quite so bad with me.

“My father was a labourer in the country, and died when I was five years old; so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born; so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third; till at last it was thought I belonged to no parish at all. At length, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and had actually learned my letters; but the

master of the workhouse put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet.

“ Here I lived an easy kind of a life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir far from the house, for fear I should run away; but what of that? I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me.

“ I was next bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died. Being then obliged to provide for myself, I was resolved to go and seek my fortune. Thus I lived, and went from town to town, working when I could get employment, and starving when I could get none, and might have lived so still; but happening one day to go through a field belonging to a magistrate, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me. I believe the devil put it in my head to fling my stick at it; well, what will you have on 't? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away in triumph, when the Justice himself met me; he called me a villain, and collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I began immediately to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, seed, and generation; but, though I gave a very long account, the Justice said I could give no account of myself; so I was indicted, and found guilty of being poor, and sent to Newgate, in order to be transported to the plantations.

“ People may say this and that of being in gaol; but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in in all my life. I had my bellyful to eat and drink, and did no work; but, alas, this kind of life was too good to last for ever. I was taken out of prison, after

five months, put on board of a ship, and sent off with two hundred more. Our passage was but indifferent, for we were all confined in the hold, and died very fast, for want of sweet air and provisions; but, for my part, I did not want meat, because I had a fever all the way: Providence was kind; when provisions grew short, it took away my desire of eating. When we came ashore, we were sold to the planters. I was bound for seven years, and as I was no scholar—for I had forgot my letters—I was obliged to work among the negroes; and served out my time, as in duty bound to do.

“When my time was expired, I worked my passage home, and glad I was to see old England again, because I loved my country. O liberty! Liberty! Liberty! That is the property of every Englishman, and I will die in its defence. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more; so I did not much care to go into the country, but kept about town; and did little jobs when I could get them. I was very happy in this manner for some time; till one evening coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand still. They belonged to a pressgang; I was carried before the Justice, and as I could give no account of myself (that was the thing that always hobbled me), I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man-of-war, or list for a soldier. I chose to be a soldier; and in this post of a gentleman I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound through the breast, which is troublesome to this day.

“When the peace came on, I was discharged; and as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes painful, I listed for a landsman in the East India Company’s service. I here fought the French in six pitched

battles; and verily believe, that if I could read and write, our captain would have given me promotion, and made me a corporal. But that was not my good fortune; I soon fell sick, and when I became good for nothing, got leave to return home again with forty pounds in my pocket, which I saved in the service. This was at the beginning of the present war, so I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money; but the government wanted men, and I was pressed again, before ever I could set foot on shore.

“The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow; he swore that I understood my business perfectly well, but that I shammed Abraham merely to be idle. God knows, I knew nothing of sea business; he beat me without considering what he was about. But still my forty pounds was some comfort to me under every beating; the money was my comfort, and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost it all.

“Our crew was carried into a French prison, and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a gaol; but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night, however, as I was sleeping on a bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me (for I always loved to lie well), I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lantern in his hand. ‘Jack,’ says he to me, ‘will you knock out the French sentry’s brains?’ ‘I don’t care,’ says I, striving to keep myself awake, ‘if I lend a hand.’ ‘Then follow me,’ says he, ‘and I hope we shall do business.’ So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the clothes I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchman. We had no arms; but one Englishman is able to beat five Frenchmen at any time; so we went down to the

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door, where both the sentries were posted, and, rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence nine of us ran together to the quay, and seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour, and put to sea. We had not been here three days, before we were taken up by an English privateer, who was glad of so many good hands; and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not so much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with a French man-of-war, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; so to it we went. The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, but unfortunately we lost almost all our men, just as we were going to get the victory. I was once more in the power of the French, and believe it would have gone hard with me, had I been brought back to my old gaol in Brest; but, by good fortune, we were retaken, and carried to England once more.

“I had almost forgot to tell you, that in this last engagement I was wounded in two places—I lost four fingers of the left hand, and my leg was shot off. Had I had the good fortune to have lost my leg, and use of my hand on board a king’s ship, and not a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life; but that was not my chance: one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God, I enjoy good health, and have no enemy in this world that I know of but the French and the Justice of Peace.”

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving my friend and me in admiration of his intrepidity and content; nor could we avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery is the truest school of fortitude and philosophy. Adieu.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

The topic of paragraph (1) is *the misfortunes of the great*, and of (2), *the misfortunes of the great compared with those of the poor*.

- (a) Express as briefly as possible the topic or theme of paragraph 3.
- (b) Read carefully paragraph 2, noting the kind of words and sentences used. This paragraph is typical of Goldsmith's style. Try to discover in what way it differs in style from paragraph 2 on page 95.

WORDS, PHRASES, AND SENTENCES

I. Make sentences containing the following antonyms:

liked, disliked; rich, poor; admire, despise; happy, miserable; mountain, mole-hill.

Example: *You are making a mountain out of a mole-hill.*

II. Look in a dictionary for the derivation of each of the following words:

magnanimity, declamation, circumstance, adversity, fortitude.

Example: *Magnanimity* (L. *magnus*, great; *animus*, mind).

III. Correct the following by putting in their proper places the words in italics.

(a) I *only* received one wound through the breast. (b) My father *only* died when I was five years old. (c) The poor sailor *almost* saved twenty pounds but he was *nearly* robbed of the whole of it.

IV. Explain the meaning of each of the following sentences:

(a) I have just done this work. I have done just this work.
(b) I saw Thomas only at the concert. I only saw Thomas at the concert. I saw only Thomas at the concert.
(c) I spied a hare crossing the path just before me and hit it.
I spied a hare crossing the path before me and just hit it.

V. Make sentences, using the following as introductory phrases:

At length: In the meantime: After a few weeks: Having spoken these words: In days of peace: By avoiding towns.

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VI. The following paragraph contains too many short sentences with the result that it does not read smoothly. Remodel it, using, where possible, *and*, *so*, or *but*. Some re-casting of the sentences will be necessary.

My father died when I was five years old. I was put upon the parish. He had been a wandering sort of man. The parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged. They did not know where I was born. They sent me to another parish. That parish sent me to a third. At last it was thought I belonged to no parish at all. At length, however, they fixed me.

(Compare your work with the original on page 94.)

IMITATION

VII. Taking the paragraph on page 94 as a model, write four sentences describing a few years of your life.

WRITTEN EXERCISES

VIII. The story you have read tells of a man who was happy in adversity. Expand the outlines given below into a story bearing the title, "The Evils of Discontent and Greed."

A miller was fairly prosperous, but very discontented—He dreamt of a treasure hidden in the mill—He spent much time looking for it—His neighbours laughed at him—He searched the harder—He neglected his proper work—Trade left him—No treasure was found and he became a poor man.

IX. Write as long a story as possible on the theme suggested by the following:—A dog, crossing a foot bridge, saw in the water the reflection of the bone he was carrying. He grabbed at it.

XII

SCENES FROM MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND

IN THE COUNTRY

IT was by the highways that both travellers and goods generally passed from place to place: and those highways appear to have been far worse than might have been expected from the degree of wealth and civilization which the nation had even then attained. On the best lines of communication the ruts were deep, the descents precipitous, and the way often such as it was hardly possible to distinguish, in the dusk, from the unenclosed heath and fen which lay on both sides. Ralph Thoresby, the antiquary, was in danger of losing his way on the great North Road, between Barnby Moor and Tuxford, and actually lost his way between Doncaster and York. Pepys and his wife, travelling in their own coach, lost their way between Newbury and Reading. In the course of the same tour they lost their way near Salisbury, and were in danger of having to pass the night on the plain. It was only in fine weather that the whole breadth of the road was available for wheeled vehicles. Often the mud lay deep on the right and the left; and only a narrow track of firm ground rose above the quagmire. At such times obstructions and quarrels were frequent, and the path was sometimes blocked up during a long time by carriers, neither of whom would break the way. It happened, almost every day, that coaches stuck fast, until a team of cattle

could be procured from some neighbouring farm, to tug them out of the slough. But in bad seasons the traveller had to encounter inconveniences still more serious. Thoresby, who was in the habit of travelling between Leeds and the capital, has recorded, in his *Diary*, such a series of perils and disasters as might suffice for a journey to the Frozen Ocean or to the Desert of Sahara. On one occasion he learned that the floods were out between Ware and London, that passengers had to swim for their lives, and that a higgler had perished in the attempt to cross. In consequence of these tidings he turned out of the high road, and was conducted across some meadows, where it was necessary for him to ride to the saddle skirts in water. In the course of another journey he narrowly escaped being swept away by an inundation of the Trent. He was afterwards detained at Stamford four days, on account of the state of the roads, and then ventured to proceed only because fourteen members of the House of Commons, who were going up in a body to Parliament with guides and numerous attendants, took him into their company. On the roads of Derbyshire, travellers were in constant fear for their necks, and were frequently compelled to alight and lead their beasts. The great route through Wales to Holyhead was in such a state that, in 1685, a viceroy, going to Ireland, was five hours in travelling fourteen miles, from Saint Asaph to Conway. Between Conway and Beaumaris he was forced to walk great part. of the way; and his lady was carried in a litter. His coach was, with much difficulty, and by the help of many hands, brought after him entire. In general, carriages were taken to pieces at Conway, and borne, on the shoulders of stout Welsh peasants, to the Menai Straits. In some parts of Kent and Sussex, none but the strongest

horses could, in winter, get through the bog, in which, at every step, they sank deep. The markets were often inaccessible during several months. It is said that the fruits of the earth were sometimes suffered to rot in one place, while in another place, distant only a few miles, the supply fell far short of the demand. The wheeled carriages were, in this district, generally pulled by oxen. When Prince George of Denmark visited the stately mansion of Petworth in wet weather, he was six hours in going nine miles; and it was necessary that a body of sturdy hinds should be on each side of his coach in order to prop it. Of the carriages which conveyed his retinue several were upset and injured. A letter from one of the party has been preserved, in which the unfortunate courtier complains that, during fourteen hours, he never once alighted, except when his coach was overturned or stuck fast in the mud.

IN THE CITY

SAINT JAMES'S SQUARE was a receptacle for all the offal and cinders, for all the dead cats and dead dogs of Westminster. At one time a cudgel player kept the ring there. At another time an impudent squatter settled himself there, and built a shed for rubbish under the windows of the gilded saloons in which the first magnates of the realm, Norfolk, Ormond, Kent, and Pembroke, gave banquets and balls. It was not till these nuisances had lasted through a whole generation, and till much had been written about them, that the inhabitants applied to Parliament for permission to put up rails, and to plant trees.

When such was the state of the region inhabited by the most luxurious portion of society, we may easily

believe that the great body of the population suffered what would now be considered as insupportable grievances. The pavement was detestable; all foreigners cried shame upon it. The drainage was so bad that in rainy weather the gutters soon became torrents. Several facetious poets have commemorated the fury with which these black rivulets roared down Snow Hill and Ludgate Hill, bearing to Fleet Ditch a vast tribute of animal and vegetable filth from the stalls of butchers and green-grocers. This flood was profusely thrown to right and left by the coaches and carts. To keep as far from the carriage road as possible was therefore the wish of every pedestrian. The mild and the timid gave the wall. The bold and athletic took it. If two roisterers met, they cocked their hats in each other's faces, and pushed each other about till the weaker was shoved towards the kennel. If he was a mere bully he sneaked off muttering that he should find a time. If he was pugnacious, the encounter probably ended in a duel behind Montague House.

The houses were not numbered. There would indeed have been little advantage in numbering them; for of the coachmen, chairmen, porters, and errand boys of London, a very small proportion could read. It was necessary to use marks which the most ignorant could understand. The shops were therefore distinguished by painted or sculptured signs, which gave a gay and grotesque aspect to the streets. The walk from Charing Cross to Whitechapel lay through an endless succession of Saracens' Heads, Royal Oaks, Blue Bears, and Golden Lambs, which disappeared when they were no longer required for the direction of the common people.

HIGHWAYMEN

WHATEVER might be the way in which a journey was performed, the travellers, unless they were numerous and well-armed, ran considerable risk of being stopped and plundered. The mounted highwayman, a marauder known to our generation only from books, was to be found on every main road. The waste tracts which lay on the great routes near London were especially haunted by plunderers of this class. Hounslow Heath, on the Great Western Road, and Finchley Common, on the Great Northern Road, were perhaps the most celebrated of these spots. The Cambridge scholars trembled when they approached Epping Forest, even in broad daylight. Seamen who had just been paid off at Chatham were often compelled to deliver their purses on Gadshill, celebrated near a hundred years earlier by the greatest of poets as the scene of the depredations of Falstaff. The public authorities seem to have been often at a loss how to deal with the plunderers. At one time it was announced in the *Gazette* that several persons, who were strongly suspected of being highwaymen, but against whom there was not sufficient evidence, would be paraded at Newgate in riding dresses: their horses would also be shown; and all gentlemen who had been robbed were invited to inspect this singular exhibition. On another occasion a pardon was publicly offered to a robber if he would give up some rough diamonds, of immense value, which he had taken when he stopped the Harwich mail. A short time after appeared another proclamation, warning the innkeepers that the eye of the government was upon them. Their criminal connivance, it was affirmed, enabled banditti to infest the

roads with impunity. That these suspicions were not without foundation, is proved by the dying speeches of some penitent robbers of that age, who appear to have received from the innkeepers services much resembling those which Farquhar's Boniface rendered to Gibbet.

It was necessary to the success and even to the safety of the highwayman that he should be a bold and skilful rider, and that his manners and appearance should be such as suited the master of a fine horse. He therefore held an aristocratical position in the community of thieves, appeared at fashionable coffee houses and gaming houses, and betted with men of quality on the race ground. Sometimes, indeed, he was a man of good family and education. A romantic interest therefore attached, and perhaps still attaches, to the names of freebooters of this class. The vulgar eagerly drank in tales of their ferocity and audacity, of their occasional acts of generosity and good nature, of their amours, of their miraculous escapes, of their desperate struggles, and of their manly bearing at the bar and in the cart. Thus it was related of William Nevison, the great robber of Yorkshire, that he levied a quarterly tribute on all the northern drovers, and, in return, not only spared them himself, but protected them against all other thieves; that he demanded purses in the most courteous manner; that he gave largely to the poor what he had taken from the rich; that his life was once spared by the royal clemency, but that he again tempted his fate, and at length died, in 1685, on the gallows of York. It was related how Claude Duval, the French page of the Duke of Richmond, took to the road, became captain of a formidable gang, and had the honour to be named first in a royal proclamation against notorious offenders; how at the head of his troop he stopped a

lady's coach, in which there was a booty of four hundred pounds; how he took only one hundred, and suffered the fair owner to ransom the rest by dancing a coranto with him on the heath; how his vivacious gallantry stole away the hearts of all women; how his dexterity at sword and pistol made him a terror to all men; how, at length, in the year 1670, he was seized when overcome by wine; how dames of high rank visited him in prison, and with tears interceded for his life; how the King would have granted a pardon, but for the interference of Judge Morton, the terror of highwaymen, who threatened to resign his office unless the law were carried into full effect; and how, after the execution, the corpse lay in state with all the pomp of scutcheons, wax lights, black hangings, and mutes, till the same cruel judge, who had intercepted the mercy of the crown, sent officers to disturb the obsequies. In these anecdotes there is doubtless a large mixture of fable; but they are not on that account unworthy of being recorded; for it is both an authentic and an important fact that such tales, whether false or true, were heard by our ancestors with eagerness and faith.

AIDS TO STUDY

PARAGRAPHS. The closer the law of unity is obeyed the easier it is to express in brief form the topic of a paragraph. The topic of paragraph (1) *In the City*, can be briefly expressed thus—*St. James's Square was a receptacle for offal*. What is the topic of paragraph (3)?

Study again paragraph (1). Sentence (1) introduces the theme or topic; (2) and (3) develop or amplify it, and (4) emphasizes it.

I. State clearly the work done by each sentence in paragraph (2), page 104.

WORDS, PHRASES AND SENTENCES

Read, on page 64, what has been said of Macaulay's language. This extract contains many examples of a common feature of Macaulay's style—the use of dual and triple expressions. Example: *gay* and *grotesque* aspect.

II. Use the following pairs of words in suitable sentences:

perils and disasters; bold and skilful; ferocity and audacity;
humble and contrite; stupid and lazy; numerous and well-armed; slowly and sadly.

III. Fill the gaps in the sentences given below with words chosen from the following:—*aristocratical*, *fashionable*, *community*, *family*, *attachés*, *education*, *romantic*, *freebooters*.

(1) He therefore held an —— position in the —— of thieves, appeared at the —— coffee houses and gaming houses and betted with men of good —— and ——. (2) A —— interest therefore attached, and perhaps still ——, to the name of —— of this class.

IV. What adjectives correspond to the following nouns?—
impudence, luxury, weakness, ignorance, precipice, inconvenience, distance, defect, crime, suspicion, penitence, miracle.

Study the following:—*The mild and timid gave the wall: the bold and athletic took it.* Notice the striking contrast shown; such contrast is called ANTITHESIS.

V. Group in pairs all words and expressions which show contrast in the following sentences:

(a) He gave largely to the poor what he had taken from the rich. (b) An impudent squatter built a shed for rubbish under the windows of the gilded saloons in which the first nobles in the land gave banquets and balls.

VI. Make sentences which show contrast, using the following expressions:

If he was a mere bully—if he was pugnacious—To err—to forgive.

VII. Read the following, noting the use of commas in a series:

On one occasion he learned *that the floods were out between Ware and London, that passengers had to swim for their lives, and that a haggler had perished in an attempt to cross.*

The clauses in italics in the above sentence are called *parallel clauses*. Try to think why. The writings of Macaulay contain many examples of parallel sentences, clauses, and phrases. How many parallel clauses beginning with *how* are there on page 107?

VIII. Use parallel expressions to complete the following:

- (a) The rule states *that no —, no —, and no —.*
- (b) The Petition of Right made it illegal for the king *to —, to —, to —, and to —.*
- (c) In those days the streets were *badly —, badly —, and badly —.*

IX. Re-state the following sentences, changing the position of the phrases in italics:

- (a) *To keep as far from the carriage road as possible* was, therefore, the wish of every pedestrian.
- (b) He was forced to walk great part of the way *between Conway and Beaumaris.*
- (c) *In this district* the wheeled carriages were generally pulled by oxen.
- (d) *Of the survivors* nothing was afterwards heard.
- (e) The Cambridge scholars trembled when they approached Epping Forest, *even in broad daylight.*

WRITTEN EXERCISES

X. Describe in about ten sentences one of the following: a public park; your school; a street market.

XI. Study paragraph (1) again. Then, by way of contrast, write a short paragraph on "Modern Roads."

XIII

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM

By MATTHEW ARNOLD

Sohrab

AND the first grey of morning fill'd the east,
And the fog rose out of the Oxus stream.
But all the Tartar camp along the stream
Was hush'd, and still the men were plunged in
sleep:

Sohrab alone, he slept not: all night long
He had lain wakeful, tossing on his bed;
But when the grey dawn stole into his tent,
He rose, and clad himself, and girt his sword,
And took his horseman's cloak, and left his tent,
And went abroad into the cold wet fog,
Through the dim camp to Peran-Wisa's tent. . .
And Sohrab came there, and went in, and stood
Upon the thick-pil'd carpets in the tent,
And found the old man sleeping on his bed
Of rugs and felts, and near him lay his arms.
And Peran-Wisa heard him, though the step
Was dull'd; for he slept light, an old man's sleep;
And he rose quickly on one arm, and said:—

‘Who art thou? for it is not yet clear dawn.
Speak! is there news, or any night alarm?’

But Sohrab came to the bedside, and said:—
‘Thou know'st me, Peran-Wisa: it is I.
The sun is not yet risen, and the foe
Sleep; but I sleep not; all night long I lie

Tossing and wakeful, and I come to thee.
For so did King Afrasiab bid me seek
Thy counsel, and to heed thee as thy son,
In Sa.narcand, before the army march'd;
And I will tell thee what my heart desires.
Thou knowest if, since from Ader-baijan first
I came among the Tartars, and bore arms,
I have still serv'd Afrasiab well, and shown,
At my boy's years, the courage of a man.
This too thou know'st, that, while I still bear on
The conquering Tartar ensigns through the world,
And beat the Persians back on every field,
I seek one man, one man, and one alone—
Rustum, my father; who, I hop'd, should greet,
Should one day greet, upon some well-fought field
His not unworthy, not inglorious son.
So I long hop'd, but him I never find.
Come then, hear now, and grant me what I ask.
Let the two armies rest to-day: but I
Will challenge forth the bravest Persian lords
To meet me, man to man: if I prevail,
Rustum will surely hear it; if I fall—
Old man, the dead need no one, claim no kin.
Dim is the rumour of a common fight,
Where host meets host, and many names are
sunk:
But of a single combat Fame speaks clear.'

[Sohrab has his will. The two armies agree to settle the issue of the day by single combat. The Persians persuade the proud Rustum to be their champion, but he will fight only as an unknown warrior.

"But I will fight unknown, and in plain arms:
Let not men say of Rustum, he was match'd
In single fight with any mortal man."]

The Fight

HE spoke, and Sohrab kindled at his taunts,
And he too drew his sword; at once they rushed
Together, as two eagles on one prey
Come rushing down together from the clouds,
One from the east, one from the west; their shields
Dashed with a clang together, and a din
Rose, such as that the sinewy woodcutters
Make often in the forest's heart at morn,
Of hewing axes, crashing trees—such blows
Rustum and Sohrab on each other hailed.
And you would say that sun and stars took part
In that unnatural conflict; for a cloud
Grew suddenly in Heaven, and darked the sun
Over the fighters' heads; and a wind rose
Under their feet, and moaning swept the plain,
And in a sandy whirlwind wrapped the pair.
In gloom they twain were wrapped, and they alone;
For both the on-looking hosts on either hand
Stood in broad daylight, and the sky was pure,
And the sun sparkled on the Oxus stream.
But in the gloom they fought, with bloodshot eyes
And labouring breath; first Rustum struck the shield
Which Sohrab held stiff out; the steel-spiked spear
Rent the tough plates, but failed to reach the skin,
And Rustum plucked it back with angry groan.
Then Sohrab with his sword smote Rustum's helm
Nor clove its steel quite through; but all the crest
He shore away, and that proud horsehair plume,
Never till now defiled, sank to the dust;
And Rustum bowed his head; but then the gloom
Grew blacker, thunder rumbled in the air,
And lightnings rent the cloud; and Ruksh, the horse,

Who stood at hand, uttered a dreadful cry;—
No horse's cry was that, most like the roar
Of some pained desert-lion, who all day
Hath trailed the hunter's javelin in his side,
And comes at night to die upon the sand.

The two hosts heard that cry, and quaked for fear,
And Oxus curdled as it crossed his stream.

But Sohrab heard, and quailed not, but rushed on,
And struck again; and again Rustum bowed
His head; but this time all the blade, like glass,
Sprang in a thousand shivers on the helm,
And in the hand the hilt remained alone.

Then Rustum raised his head; his dreadful eyes
Glared, and he shook on high his menacing spear,
And shouted: *Rustum!*—Sohrab heard that shout,
And shrank amazed; back he recoiled one step,
And scanned with blinking eyes the advancing form,
And then he stood bewildered; and he dropped
His covering shield, and the spear pierced his side.
He reeled, and staggering back, sank to the ground;
And then the gloom dispersed, and the wind fell,
And the bright sun broke forth, and melted all
The cloud; and the two armies saw the pair—
Saw Rustum standing, safe upon his feet,
And Sohrab, wounded, on the bloody sand.

Victor and Vanquished.

Then with a bitter smile, Rustum began:—
'Sohrab, thou thoughtest in thy mind to kill
A Persian lord this day, and strip his corpse,
And bear thy trophies to Afrasiab's tent.
Or else that the great Rustum would come down
Himself to fight, and that thy wiles would move

His heart to take a gift, and let thee go.
 And then that all the Tartar host would praise
 Thy courage or thy craft, and spread thy fame,
 To glad thy father in his weak old age.
 Fool, thou art slain, and by an unknown man!
 Dearer to the red jackals shalt thou be
 Than to thy friends, and to thy father old.'

And, with a fearless mien, Sohrab replied:—
 ‘Unknown thou art; yet thy fierce vaunt is vain.
 Thou dost not slay me, proud and boastful man!
 No! Rustum slays me, and this filial heart.
 For were I matched with ten such men as thee,
 And I were that which till to-day I was,
 They should be lying here, I standing there.
 But that beloved name unnerved my arm—
 That name, and something, I confess, in thee,
 Which troubles all my heart, and made my shield
 Fall; and thy spear transfix'd an unarmed foe.
 And now thou boastest, and insult'st my fate.
 But hear thou this, fierce man, tremble to hear:
 The mighty Rustum shall avenge my death!
 My father, whom I seek through all the world,
 He shall avenge my death, and punish thee!’

But, with a cold, incredulous voice he said:
 ‘What prate is this of fathers and revenge?
 The mighty Rustum never had a son.’

And with a failing voice Sohrab replied:
 ‘Ah yes, he had! and that lost son am I.
 Surely the news will one day reach his ear,
 Reach Rustum, where he sits, and tarries long,
 Somewhere, I know not where, but far from here;
 And pierce him like a stab, and make him leap
 To arms, and cry for vengeance upon thee.
 Fierce man, bethink thee, for an only son!’

What will that grief, what will that vengeance be?
O could I live, till I that grief had seen!
Yet him I pity not so much, but her,
My mother, who in Ader-baijan dwells
With that old king, her father, who grows grey
With age, and rules over the valiant Koords.
Her most I pity, who no more will see
Sohrab returning from the Tartar camp,
With spoils and honour, when the war is done.
But a dark rumour will be bruited up,
From tribe to tribe, until it reach her ear;
And then will that defenceless woman learn
That Sohrab will rejoice her sight no more,
But that in battle with a nameless foe,
By the far-distant Oxus, he is slain.'

He spoke; but Rustum listened plunged in thought.
Nor did he yet believe it was his son
Who spoke, although he called back names he knew;
For he had had sure tidings that the babe,
Which was in Ader-baijan born to him,
Had been a puny girl, no boy at all—
So that sad mother sent him word, for fear
Rustum should seek the boy, to train in arms.
And as he deemed that either Sohrab took,
By a false boast, the style of Rustum's son;
Or that men gave it him, to swell his fame. . . .
And Rustum gazed on him in grief, and said:
‘O Sohrab, thou indeed art such a son
Whom Rustum, wert thou his, might well have loved
Yet here thou errest, Sohrab, or else men
Have told thee false—thou art not Rustum's son.
For Rustum had no son; one child he had—
But one—a girl; who with her mother now
Plies some light female task, nor dreams of us—

Of us she dreams not, nor of wounds, nor war.'

But Sohrab answered him in wrath; for now
The anguish of the deep-fixed spear grew fierce,
And he desired to draw forth the steel,
And let the blood flow free, and so to die—
But first he would convince his stubborn foe;
And, rising sternly on one arm, he said:

‘Man, who art thou who dost deny my words?
Truth sits upon the lips of dying men,
And falsehood, while I lived, was far from mine.
I tell thee, pricked upon this arm I bear
That seal which Rustum to my mother gave,
That she might prick it on the babe she bore.’

He spoke; and all the blood left Rustum’s cheeks,
And his knees tottered, and he smote his hand
Against his breast, his heavy mailed hand,
That the hard iron corslet clanked aloud;
And to his heart he pressed the other hand,
And in a hollow voice he spake and said:

‘Sohrab, that were a proof that could not lie!
If thou show this, then art thou Rustum’s son.’

Then with weak hasty fingers Sohrab loosed
His belt, and near the shoulder bared his arm,
And showed a sign in faint vermillion points
Pricked; as a cunning workman, in Pekin,
Pricks with vermillion some clear porcelain vase,
An emperor’s gift—at early morn he paints,—
And all day long, and, when night comes, the lamp
Lights up his studious forehead and thin hands—
So delicately pricked the sign appeared
On Sohrab’s arm, the sign of Rustum’s seal.
It was that griffin, which of old reared Zal,
Rustum’s great father, whom they left to die,
A helpless babe, among the mountain rocks;

Him that kind creature found and reared, and
loved—

Then Rustum took it for his glorious sign.
And Sohrab bared that image on his arm,
And himself scanned it long with mournful eyes,
And then he touched it with his hand and said:—

‘How sayest thou? Is that sign the proper sign
Of Rustum’s son, or of some other man’s?’

.

He spoke; but Rustum gazed, and gazed, and
stood

Speechless; and then he uttered one sharp cry:
O boy—thy father!—and his voice choked there.
And then a dark cloud passed before his eyes,
And his head swam, and he sank down to earth.
But Sohrab crawled to where he lay, and cast
His arms about his neck, and kissed his lips,
And with fond faltering fingers stroked his cheeks,
Trying to call him back to life; and life
Came back to Rustum, and he oped his eyes,
And they stood wide with horror.

NOTES AND EXERCISES

(1) Notice the device, common to many authors, of making nature take part in the affairs of mortals. In this case it is particularly forcible—the conflict was unnatural and nature showed its dreadful anger. Compare—“When beggars die there are no comets seen: ‘The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.’”

(2) The author makes use of many long similes. Read the following:

“No horse’s cry was that, most like the roar
Of some pained desert-lion, who all day
Hath trailed the hunter’s javelin in his side
And comes at night to die upon the sand.”

118 READING AND ENGLISH PRACTICE

I. Quote two long similes from the first twelve lines of "The Fight."

(3) The extract contains several examples of emphasis obtained (a) by repeating important words, and (b) by placing words, out of their normal position, at the beginning or the end of a sentence, positions which attract most readily the reader's eye. Study the following:

(a) "I seek *one man*, *one man*, and *one* alone."

(b) "*Dim* is the rumour of a common fight,
Where host meets host, and many names are sunk:
But of a single combat Fame speaks *clear*."

(4) Notice also the use of words which show contrast:

"I have shown, at my *boy's* years, the courage of a *man*."

WORDS, PHRASES, AND SENTENCES

II. Which of the words in italics in the following expressions are used figuratively?

(a) *bitter* smile, *bitter* taste; (b) *proud* horsehair plume, *proud* Rustum; (c) for numbered are my *sands* of life, playing on the *sands*; (d) a *hard*-hearted man, a *hard* substance; (e) a *stubborn* foe, hath ploughed the *stubborn* glebe.

III. Which of the following words in italics are used incorrectly?

(a) An *awful* silence fell upon the hosts. Thanks *awfully* for the books. (b) It was *beastly* cold yesterday. His habits at times are *beastly*. (c) It was meant to be a *killing* blow. I must tell you the story; it is so *killing*. (d) His *dreadful* eyes glared. He was *dreadfully* glad.

IV. Make a list of words that are often employed in conversation in an exaggerated sense; e.g., *chronic*, *terribly*.

V. Form similes from the following expressions:

They rushed together—The news will pierce him—two eagles on one prey—like a stab—all the blade sprang in a thousand shivers on the helm—I came to the field—I go away—like glass—like a passing wind—like lightning.

VI Express as one sentence, in as many ways as possible, each of the following groups of sentences:

(1) The grey dawn stole into Sohrab's tent. He rose. He clad himself. He left his tent. He went abroad into the cold, wet fog.

- (2) Sohrab's step was dulled. Peran-Wisa heard him. He slept light.
- (3) I pity most my mother. She dwells in Ader-baijan with her father. He grows grey with age.
- (4) Sohrau failed with his sword to cleave Rustum's helm quite through. He shore away all the proud horse-nair plume. It had never till now been defiled. It sank to the dust.

GRAMMAR AND PUNCTUATION

VII. Where should punctuation marks be inserted in the following?

And with a fearless mien Sohrab replied unknown thou art yet thy fierce vaunt is vain thou dost not slay me proud and boastful man no Rustum slays me and this filial heart. (Compare with the original on page 114).

VIII Fill the gaps in the following with suitable pronouns:

- (a) My father —— I seek throughout the world.
- (b) I seek Rustum ——, I hoped, should greet his not unworthy son.
- (c) It is ——, Peran-Wisa.
- (d) —— will that vengeance be?
- (e) —— of the combatants broke his sword?
- (f) This is a subject about —— there has been much discussion.

IX. Where should apostrophes be placed in the following?

- (a) "A cloud darkened the sun over the fighters heads."
- (b) "Through the dim camp to Peran-Wisas tent."
- (c) "Then Sohrab with his sword smote Rustums shield."
- (d) An emperors gift—at early morn he paints."

WRITTEN EXERCISE

X. Tell the story of "Sohrab and Rustum" in your own words.

XIV

DAVID AND GOLIATH

(*I Samuel XVII*)

Now the Philistines gathered together their armies to battle, and were gathered together at Shochoh, which *belongeth* to Judah, and pitched between Shochoh and Azekah, in Ephes-dammim.

And Saul and the men of Israel were gathered together, and pitched by the valley of Elah, and set the battle in array against the Philistines.

And the Philistines stood on a mountain on the one side, and Israel stood on a mountain on the other side: and *there was* a valley between them.

And there went out a champion out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath, of Gath, whose height *was* six cubits and a span.

And *he had* an helmet of brass upon his head, and *he was* armed with a coat of mail; and the weight of the coat *was* five thousand shekels of brass.

And *he had* greaves of brass upon his legs, and a target of brass between his shoulders.

And the staff of his spear *was* like a weaver's beam; and his spear's head *weighed* six hundred shekels of iron: and one bearing a shield went before him.

And he stood and cried unto the armies of Israel, and said unto them, Why are ye come out to set *your* battle in array? *am* not I a Philistine, and ye servants to Saul? choose you a man for you, and let him come down to me.

If he be able to fight with me, and to kill me, then will we be your servants: but if I prevail against him, and kill him, then shall ye be our servants, and serve us.

And the Philistine said, I defy the armies of Israel this day; give me a man, that we may fight together.

When Saul and all Israel heard those words of the Philistine, they were dismayed, and greatly afraid.

Now David *was* the son of that Ephrathite of Bethlehem-judah, whose name *was* Jesse; and he had eight sons: and the man went among men *for* an old man in the days of Saul.

And the three eldest sons of Jesse went *and* followed Saul to the battle: and the names of his three sons that went to the battle *were* Eliab the firstborn, and next unto him Abinadab, and the third Shammah.

And David *was* the youngest: and the three eldest followed Saul.

But David went and returned from Saul to feed his father's sheep at Bethlehem.

And the Philistine drew near morning and evening, and presented himself forty days.

And Jesse said unto David his son, Take now for thy brethren an ephah of this parched *corn*, and these ten loaves, and run to the camp to thy brethren;

And carry these ten cheeses unto the captain of *their* thousand, and look how thy brethren fare, and take their pledge.

Now Saul, and they, and all the men of Israel, *were* in the valley of Elah, fighting with the Philistines.

And David rose up early in the morning, and left the sheep with a keeper, and took, and went, as Jesse had commanded him; and he came to the trench, as

the host was going forth to the fight, and shouted for the battle.

For Israel and the Philistines had put the battle in array, army against army.

And David left his carriage in the hand of the keeper of the carriage, and ran into the army, and came and saluted his brethren.

And as he talked with them, behold, there came up the champion, the Philistine of Gath, Goliath by name, out of the armies of the Philistines, and spake according to the same words: and David heard *them*.

And all the men of Israel, when they saw the man, fled from him, and were sore afraid.

And the men of Israel said, Have ye seen this man that is come up? surely to defy Israel is he come up: and it shall be *that* the man who killeth him, the king will enrich him with great riches, and will give him his daughter, and make his father's house free in Israel.

And David spake to the men that stood by him, saying, What shall be done to the man that killeth this Philistine, and taketh away the reproach from Israel? for who *is* this uncircumcised Philistine, that he should defy the armies of the living God?

And the people answered him after this manner, saying, So shall it be done to the man that killeth him.

And Eliab his eldest brother heard when he spake unto the men; and Eliab's anger was kindled against David, and he said, Why camest thou down hither? and with whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? I know thy pride, and the naughtiness of thine heart; for thou art come down that thou mightest see the battle.

And David said, What have I now done? *Is there* not a cause?

And he turned from him toward another, and spake after the same manner: and the people answered him again after the former manner.

And when the words were heard which David spake, they rehearsed *them* before Saul: and he sent for him.

And David said to Saul, Let no man's heart fail because of him; thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine.

And Saul said to David, Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him: for thou *art but* a youth, and he a man of war from his youth.

And David said unto Saul, Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion, and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock.

And I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered *it* out of his mouth: and when he arose against me, I caught *him* by his beard, and smote him, and slew him.

Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear: and this uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God.

David said moreover, The LORD that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine. And Saul said unto David, Go, and the LORD be with thee.

And Saul armed David with his armour, and he put an helmet of brass upon his head; also he armed him with a coat of mail.

And David girded his sword upon his armour, and he assayed to go; for he had not proved *it*. And David said unto Saul, I cannot go with these; for I have not proved *them*. And David put them off him.

And he took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in a shepherd's bag which he had, even in a scrip; and his sling *was* in his hand: and he drew near to the Philistine.

And the Philistine came on and drew near unto David; and the man that bare the shield *went* before him.

And when the Philistine looked about, and saw David, he disdained him: for he was *but* a youth, and ruddy, and of a fair countenance.

And the Philistine said unto David, *Am* I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves? And the Philistine cursed David by his gods.

And the Philistine said to David, Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field.

Then said David to the Philistine, Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the LORD of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied.

This day will the LORD deliver thee into mine hand; and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee; and I will give the carcases of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth; that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel.

And all this assembly shall know that the LORD saveth not with sword and spear: for the battle *is* the LORD's, and he will give you into our hands.

And it came to pass, when the Philistine arose, and came and drew nigh to meet David, that David hasted, and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine.

And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slang *it*, and smote the Philistine in his forehead, that the stone sunk into his forehead; and he fell upon his face to the earth.

So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone, and smote the Philistine, and slew him; but *there was* no sword in the hand of David.

Therefore David ran, and stood upon the Philistine, and took his sword, and drew it out of the sheath thereof, and slew him, and cut off his head therewith. And when the Philistines saw their champion was dead, they fled.

And the men of Israel and of Judah arose, and shouted, and pursued the Philistines, until thou come to the valley, and to the gates of Ekron. And the wounded of the Philistines fell down by the way to Shaaraim, even unto Gath, and unto Ekron.

And the children of Israel returned from chasing after the Philistines, and they spoiled their tents.

And David took the head of the Philistine, and brought it to Jerusalem; but he put his armour in his tent.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Notice how clear and direct the narrative is. In no sentence is the mind diverted from the main idea by an abundance of detail introduced by subordinate clauses. The Authorised Version was published in 1611, and, as might be expected, differs in style and language from modern prose. Note (1) the frequent use of *And* and *Now* to begin a sentence (this should be avoided by young pupils); (2) the use of the *-eth* form—*which belongeth (belongs) to Judah*; (3) the use of the second person singular—*Why comest thou?* (4) the use of the old form *ye* for you—*Have ye seen this man?* (5) the use of quaint expressions—I know the *naughtiness of your heart*; (6) the absence of inverted commas when direct speech is introduced.

- I. Find examples of the above characteristics.

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WORDS, PHRASES, AND SENTENCES

II. Recast the following, changing the words in italics without altering the meaning of the sentences:

- (1) Jesse *was stricken in years.* (2) If I *prevail against* him.
- (3) *Eliab's anger was kindled against* David. (4) David *assayed to go.* (5) When he *had made an end of speaking.*
- (6) *This act was good in the sight of all the people.* (7) They *rehearsed David's words before Saul.*

III. Re-state the following sentences, without changing their meaning:

- (1) Now the Philistines gathered together their armies to battle, and they were gathered together at Shochoh.
- (2) He was clad with a coat of mail; and the weight of the coat was five thousand shekels of brass.
- (3) And David rose up early in the morning, and left his sheep with a keeper, and went, as Jesse had commanded him.
- (4) And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slang it, and smote the Philistine in the forehead.

PUNCTUATION

IV. The following sentences are taken from the *Authorised Version*. Add quotation marks and capital letters in accordance with modern usage.

“And he stood and cried unto the armies of Israel, and said unto them, Why are ye come out to set your battle in array? am not I a Philistine, and ye servants to Saul? choose you a man for you and let him come down to me. . . . And the men of Israel said, Have ye seen this man that is come up? surely to defy Israel is he come up.”

INDIRECT SPEECH

V. Re-state the following, using *Indirect Speech*:

- (1) He asked them: “Why are ye come out to set your battle in array?” (2) The Philistine said: “I defy the armies of Israel this day.” (3) David says: “I will go and fight with this Philistine.” (4) Abner said: “I cannot tell whose son David is.” (5) And David answered: “I am the son of thy servant Jesse, the Beth-lehemite.”

PARAGRAPHS

VI. Notice that verses 4 to 7 could be written as one paragraph as they deal with one main idea only—*the appearance of Goliath*. Which other verses might be grouped as one paragraph?

WRITTEN EXERCISE

VII. Write an account of the fight between David and Goliath. (Use the first person and the present tense.)

XV

LADS OF DEVON

(From *Westward Ho!*)

By CHARLES KINGSLEY

ONE bright summer's afternoon, in the year of grace 1575, a tall and fair boy came lingering along Bidetord quay, in his scholar's gown, with satchel and slate in hand, watching wistfully the shipping and the sailors, till, just after he had passed the bottom of the High Street, he came opposite to one of the many taverns which looked out upon the river. In the open bay-window sat merchants and gentlemen, discoursing over their afternoon's draught of sack; and outside the door was gathered a group of sailors, listening earnestly to someone who stood in the midst. The boy, all alive for any sea-news, must needs go up to them, and take his place among the sailor-lads who were peeping and whispering under the elbows of the men; and so came in for the following speech, delivered in a loud bold voice, with a strong Devonshire accent, and a fair sprinkling of oaths:—

“If you don't believe me, go and see, or stay here and grow all over blue mould. I tell you, as I am a gentleman, I saw it with these eyes, and so did Salvation Yeo there, through a window in the lower room; and we measured the heap, as I am a christened man, seventy foot long, ten foot broad, and twelve high, of silver bars, and each bar between a thirty and forty pound

weight. And says Captain Drake: 'There, my lads of Devon, I've brought you to the mouth of the world's treasure-house, and it's your own fault now if you don't sweep it out as empty as a stock-fish.' "

"Why didn't you bring some of them home, then, Mr. Oxenham?"

"Why weren't you there to help to carry them? We would have brought 'em away safe enough, and young Drake and I had broke the door abroad already, but Captain Drake goes off in a dead faint; and when we came to look, he had a wound in his leg you might have laid three fingers in, and his boots were full of blood, and had been for an hour or more; but the heart of him was that, that he never knew it till he dropped, and then his brother and I got him away to the boats, he kicking and struggling, and bidding us let him go on with the fight, though every step he took in the sand was in a pool of blood; and so we got off. And, tell me, ye sons of shotten herrings, wasn't it worth more to save him than the dirty silver? for silver we can get again, brave boys; there's more fish in the sea than ever came out of it, and more silver in Nombre de Dios than would pave all the streets in the west country: but of such captains as Franky Drake Heaven never makes but one at a time; and if we lose him, good-bye to England's luck, say I, and who don't agree let him choose his weapons, and I'm his man."

He who delivered this harangue was a tall and sturdy personage, with a florid black-bearded face, and bold restless dark eyes, who leaned, with crossed legs and arms akimbo, against the wall of the house; and seemed in the eyes of the schoolboy a very magnifico, some prince or duke at least. He was dressed (contrary to all sumptuary laws of the time) in a suit of crimson

velvet, a little the worse, perhaps, for wear; by his side were a long Spanish rapier and a brace of daggers, gaudy enough about the hilts; his fingers sparkled with rings; he had two or three gold chains about his neck, and large earrings in his ears, behind one of which a red rose was stuck jauntily enough among the glossy black curls; on his head was a broad velvet Spanish hat, in which, instead of a feather, was fastened with a great gold clasp a whole Quezal bird, whose gorgeous plumage of fretted golden green shone like one entire precious stone. As he finished his speech, he took off the said hat, and looking at the bird in it—

“Look ye, my lads, did you ever see such a fowl as that before? That’s the bird which the old Indian kings of Mexico let no one wear but their own selves; and therefore I wear it,—I, John Oxenham, of South Tawton, for a sign to all brave lads of Devon, that as the Spaniards are the masters of the Indians, we’re the masters of the Spaniards;” and he replaced his hat.

A murmur of applause followed; but one hinted that he “doubted the Spaniards were too many for them.”

“Too many! How many men did we take Nombre de Dios with? Seventy-three were we, and no more when we sailed out of Plymouth Sound; and before we saw the Spanish main, half were ‘gastados’, used up, as the Dons say, with the scurvy, and in Port Pheasant Captain Rouse of Cowes fell in with us, and that gave us some thirty hands more; and with that handful, my lads, only fifty-three in all, we picked the lock of the New World. And whom did we lose but our trumpeter, who stood braying like an ass in the middle of the square, instead of taking care of his neck like a Christian?

I tell you, those Spaniards are rank cowards, as all bullies are."

"You're right, captain," sang out a tall, gaunt fellow who stood close to him; "one west countryman can fight two easterlings, and an easterling can beat three Dons any day. Eh! my lads of Devon?"

" 'For, O! it's the herrings and the good brown beef,
And the cider and the cream so white;
O! they are the making of the jolly Devon lads,
For to play, and eke to fight.' "

"Come," said Oxenham, "come along. Who lists? who lists? who'll make his fortune?"

" 'Oh, who will join jolly mariners all?
And who will join, says he, O!
To fill his pockets with the good red goold,
By sailing on the sea, O!'"

"Who'll list?" cried the gaunt man again; "now's your time! We've got forty men to Plymouth now, ready to sail the minute we get back, and we want a dozen out of you Bideford men, and just a boy or two, and then we're off and away, and make our fortunes, or go to heaven.

" 'Our bodies in the sea so deep,
Our souls in heaven to rest!
Where valiant seamen, one and all,
Hereafter shall be blest!'"

"Now," said Oxenham, "you won't let the Plymouth men say that the Bideford men daren't follow them? North Devon against South, it is. Who'll join? who'll join? It is but a step of a way after all, and sailing as

smooth as a duck-pond as soon as you're past Cape Finisterre. I'll run a Clovelly herring-boat there and back for a wager of twenty pound, and never ship a bucketful all the way. Who'll join? Don't think you're buying a pig in a poke. I know the road, and Salvation Yeo, here, too, who was the gunner's mate, as well as I do the narrow seas, and better. You ask him to show you the chart of it now, and see if he don't tell you over the ruttier as well as Drake himself."

On which the gaunt man pulled from under his arm a great white buffalo horn, covered with rough etchings of land and sea, and held it up to the admiring ring.

"See here, boys all, and behold the picture of the place, dra'ed out so natural as ever was life. I got mun from a Portingal, down to the Azores; and he'd pricked mun out, and pricked mun out, wheresoever he'd sailed, and whatsoever he'd seen. Take mun in your hands now, Simon Evans take mun in your hands; look mun over, and I'll warrant you'll know the way in five minutes so well as ever a shark in the seas."

And the horn was passed from hand to hand; while Oxenham, who saw that his hearers were becoming moved, called through the open window for a great tankard of sack, and passed that from hand to hand after the horn.

The schoolboy, who had been devouring with eyes and ears all which passed, and had contrived by this time to edge himself into the inner ring, now stood face to face with the hero of the emerald crest, and got as many peeps as he could at the wonder. But when he saw the sailors, one after another, having turned it over awhile, come forward and offer to join Mr. Oxenham, his soul burnt within him for a nearer view of

that wondrous horn, as magical in its effects as that of Tristram, or the enchanters in Ariosto; and when the group had somewhat broken up, and Oxenham was going into the tavern with his recruits, he asked boldly for a nearer sight of the marvel, which was granted at once.

And now to his astonished gaze displayed themselves cities and harbours, dragons and elephants, whales which fought with sharks, plate-ships of Spain, islands with apes and palm-trees, each with its name over-written, and here and there, "Here is gold;" and, again, "Much gold and silver;" inserted most probably, as the words were in English, by the hands of Mr. Oxenham himself. Lingeringly and longingly the boy turned it round and round, and thought the owner of it more fortunate than Khan or Kaiser. Oh, if he could but possess that horn, what needed be on earth beside to make him blest!

"I say, will you sell this?"

"Yea, marry, or my own soul, if I can get the worth of it."

"I want the horn,—I don't want your soul; it's somewhat of a stale sole, for aught I know, and there are plenty of fresh ones in the bay."

And therewith, after much fumbling, he pulled out a tester (the only one he had), and asked if that would buy it.

"That? no, nor twenty of them."

The boy thought over what a good knight-errant would do in such case, and then answered, "Tell you what, I'll fight you for it."

"Thank'ee, sir!"

"Break the jackanapes' head for him, Yeo," said Oxenham.

"Call me jackanapes again, and I break yours, sir," and the boy lifted his fist fiercely.

Oxenham looked at him a minute smilingly. "Tut! tut! my man, hit one of your own size, if you will, and spare little folk like me!"

"If I have a boy's age, sir, I have a man's fist. I shall be fifteen years old this month, and know how to answer anyone who insults me."

"Fifteen, my young cockerel? you look like twenty," said Oxenham, with an admiring glance at the lad's broad limbs, keen blue eyes, curling golden locks, and round honest face. "Fifteen! If I had half-a-dozen such lads as you, I would make knights of them before I died. Eh, Yeo?"

"He'll do," said Yeo; "he will make a brave game-cock in a year or two, if he dares ruffle up so early at a tough old hen-master like the captain."

At which there was a general laugh, in which Oxenham joined as loudly as any, and then bade the lad tell him why he was so keen after the horn.

"Because," said he, looking up boldly, "I want to go to sea. I want to see the Indies. I want to fight the Spaniards. Though I am a gentleman's son, I'd a deal liever be a cabin-boy on board your ship." And the lad having hurried out his say fiercely enough, dropped his head again.

"And you shall," cried Oxenham, with a great oath; "and take a galleon, and dine off carbonadoed Dons Whose son are you, my gallant fellow?"

"Mr. Leigh's, of Burrough Court."

"Bless his soul! I know him as well as I do the Eddystone, and his kitchen too. Who sups with him to-night?"

"Sir Richard Grenvil."

“Dick Grenvil? I did not know he was in town. Go home, and tell your father John Oxenham will come and keep him company. There, off with you! I'll make all straight with the good gentleman, and you shall have your venture with me; and as for the horn, let him have the horn, Yeo, and I'll give you a noble for it.”

‘Not a penny, noble captain. If young master will take a poor mariner's gift, there it is, for the sake of his love to the calling, and Heaven send him luck therein.’ And the good fellow, with the impulsive generosity of a true sailor, thrust the horn into the boy's hands, and walked away to escape thanks.

“And now,” quoth Oxenham, “my merry men all, make up your minds what mannered men you be minded to be before you take your bounties. I want none of your rascally, lurching, longshore vermin, who get five pounds out of this captain, and ten out of that, and let him sail without them after all, while they are stowed away under women's mufflers, and in tavern cellars. If any man is of that humour, he had better cut himself up, and salt himself down in a barrel for pork, before he meets me again; for by this light, let me catch him, be it seven years hence, and if I do not cut his throat upon the streets, it's a pity! But if any man will be true brother to me, true brother to him I'll be, come wreck or prize, storm or calm, salt water or fresh, victuals or none, share and fare alike; and here's my hand upon it, for every man and all; and so—

“‘Westward ho! with a rumbelow,
And hurra for the Spanish main, O!’”

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After which oration, Mr. Oxenham swaggered into the tavern, followed by his new men; and the boy took his way homewards, nursing his precious horn, trembling between hope and fear, and blushing with maidenly shame, and a half-sense of wrong-doing at having revealed suddenly to a stranger the darling wish which he had hidden from his father and mother ever since he was ten years old.

AIDS TO STUDY

Notice how quickly we are introduced to the main theme of the chapter; we are soon walking with the tall fair boy along the quay at Bideford.

Although the author has painted, in paragraph (1), a picture of Bideford quay, he has not broken the law of unity, for this picture but serves as a background for the main theme—*a boy all alive for sea-news*.

The unity of the whole extract is well preserved for, although several topics are introduced, our interest remains with the lad who (in the concluding paragraph) *had hidden the wish to go to sea from his father and mother ever since he was ten years old*.

WORDS, PHRASES, AND SENTENCES

I. What words have the same or almost the same meaning as the following?

- (1) harangue. (2) jauntily. (3) astonished. (4) gorgeous.
- (5) generous. (6) oration.

Homonyms.

II. Make sentences which show that you know the difference in meaning between the following homonyms:

- (1) stile, style. (2) buoy, boy. (3) current, currant. (4) great, grate.

III. Write the following groups of sentences as one, using phrases beginning with verb-forms ending in *ing*. Example: He was walking slowly along the quay. He was watching wistfully the shipping. *Walking slowly along the quay, he was watching wistfully the shipping.*

- (1) He looked up boldly. He said, "I want to go to sea."
- (2) A group of sailors gathered outside the door. They

listened to Salvation Yeo. (3) Merchants and sailors are sitting in the open bay window. They are discussing over their afternoon's sack. (4) Salvation Yeo thrust the horn into the boy's hand. He walked away to escape thanks.

IV. Make sentences explaining the meaning of the following expressions:

- (1) We picked the lock of the New World.
- (2) Don't think you are buying a pig in a poke.
- (3) Stay here and grow all over blue mould.
- (4) Don't try to jump over the moon.
- (5) It is foolish to hit your head against a brick wall.

V. Notice that the following paragraph, (1), does not run smoothly, and, (2), that there is little variety in the form of the sentences. Re-cast it, avoiding these faults.

He had been devouring with eyes and ears all which passed. He had contrived by this time to edge himself into the inner ring. He now stood face to face with the hero of the emerald crest. He got as many peeps as he could at the wonder. He saw the sailors, one after another, come forward to join Mr. Oxenham. He tried to get a nearer view of that wondrous horn. It was as magical in its effects as that of Tristram.

GRAMMAR

VI. Correct, where necessary, the following sentences:

- (1) I tell you those Spaniards are rank cowards like all bullies are.
- (2) You see if he don't tell you the same.
- (3) I and Salvation Yeo saw the gold through the window.
- (4) I never feared them Spaniards.
- (5) Is there any man here who don't believe me?

VII. Fill the gaps in the following sentences with verbs in the present tense:

- (1) Either Yeo or the captain — willing to meet your father.
- (2) Each of you lads — about to make a fortune.
- (3) Neither of the sailors — afraid to go.
- (4) Both Yeo and the captain — going to visit Drake.
- (5) Each of the islands — marked on the map.
- (6) By his side — a long Spanish rapier and a brace of daggers.

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WRITTEN EXERCISE

VIII. Read again the description of Mr. Oxenham on page 129. Then describe your father or anyone else you know well.

Mention (1) general appearance; (2) details, especially of face; (3) dress.

IX. READ Tennyson's "Revenge" and *Drake's Voyages*, "The World Encompassed."

XVI

FLODDEN

(From *Marmion*)

By SIR WALTER SCOTT

[Henry VIII went to war with France in 1513. James IV of Scotland, true to the "Auld Alliance" of Scotland and France, though he was married to Henry VIII's sister, led an army over the border. The Scots were defeated with terrible losses on September 9th, 1513. "There is scarcely a family of name in Scottish history who did not lose a relative there."]

BUT see! look up—on Flodden bent
The Scottish foe has fired his tent.

 And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,
 Was wreathed in sable smoke.
Volumed and fast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,

 As down the hill they broke;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,

 At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne
 King James did rushing come.—

Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,
 Until at weapon-point they close.—
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust;

And such a yell was there,
 Of sudden and portentous birth,
 As if men fought upon the earth,
 And fiends in upper air;
 O life and death were in the shout,
 Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
 And triumph and despair.
 Long look'd the anxious squires; their eye
 Could in the darkness nought descry.

XXVI

At length the freshening western blast
 Aside the shroud of battle cast;
 And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
 Above the brightening cloud appears;
 And in the smoke the pennons flew,
 As in the storm the white sea-mew.
 'Then mark'd they, dashing broad and far,
 'The broken billows of the war,
 And plumèd crests of chieftains brave
 Floating like foam upon the wave;
 But nought distinct they see:
 Wide raged the battle on the plain;
 Spears shook, and falchions flash'd amain;
 Fell England's arrow flight like rain;
 Crests rose, and stoop'd, and rose again,
 Wild and disorderly.
 Amid the scene of tumult, high
 'They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly:
 And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
 And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
 Still bear them bravely in the fight:
 Although against them come,

Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Badenoch-man,
And many a rugged Border clan,
With Huntly, and with Home.

XXVII

Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
Though there the western mountainer
Rush'd with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broadsword plied.
'Twas vain:—But fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile, cheer'd Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,
The Howard's lion fell;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle-yell.
The Border slogan rent the sky!
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry:
Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,
The pennon sunk and rose;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It waver'd 'mid the foes.
No longer Blount the view could bear:
"By Heaven, and all its saints! I swear
I will not see it lost!
Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
May bid your beads, and patter prayer,—
I gallop to the host."

And to the fray he rode amain,
 Followed by all the archer train.
 The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
 Made, for a space, an opening large,—
 The rescued banner rose,—
 But darkly closed the war around,
 Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,
 It sunk among the foes.
 Then Eustace mounted too:—yet staid
 As loath to leave the helpless maid,
 When, fast as shaft can fly,
 Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
 The loose rein dangling from his head,
 Housing and saddle bloody red,
 Lord Marmion's steed rush'd by;
 And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
 A look and sign to Clara cast
 To mark he would return in haste,
 Then plunged into the fight.

THE LAST STAND

By this, though deep the evening fell,
 Still rose the battle's deadly swell,
 For still the Scots, around their King,
 Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.
 Where's now their victor vaward wing,
 Where Huntly, and where Home?—
 O, for a blast of that dread horn,
 On Fontarabian echoes borne,
 That to King Charles did come,
 When Rowland brave, and Olivier,
 And every paladin and peer,
 On Roncesvalles died!

Such blast might warn them, not in vain,
To quit the plunder of the slain,
And turn the doubtful day again,

While yet on Flodden side,
Afar, the Royal Standard flies,
And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies,

Our Caledonian pride!

In vain the wish—for far away,
While spoil and havoc mark their way,
Near Sybil's Cross the plunderers stray—
“O, Lady,” cried the Monk, “away!”

And placed her on her steed,
And led her to the chapel fair,
Of Tillmouth upon Tweed.

There all the night they spent in prayer,
And at the dawn of morning, there
She met her kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.

But as they left the dark'ning heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death—
The English shafts in volleys hail'd,
In headlong charge their horse assail'd;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep
'To break the Scottish circle deep,

That fought around their King.

But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,

Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spear-men still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,

The instant that he fell.

No thought was there of dastard flight;

Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
 Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
 As fearlessly and well;
 Till utter darkness closed her wing
 O'er their thin host and wounded King.
 Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
 Led back from strife his shatter'd bands;
 And from the charge they drew,
 As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,
 Sweep back to ocean blue.
 Then did their loss his foemen know;
 Their King, their Lords, their mightiest low,
 They melted from the field as snow,
 When streams are swoln and south winds blow
 Dissolves in silent dew.
 Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless splash,
 While many a broken band,
 Disorder'd, through her currents dash,
 To gain the Scottish land;
 To town and tower, to down and dale,
 To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
 And raise the universal wail.
 Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
 Shall many an age that wail prolong:
 Still from the sire the son shall hear
 Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
 Of Flodden's fatal field,
 Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
 And broken was her shield!

AIDS TO STUDY

(1) Note carefully the many apt and forceful similes used by the author. Example: "*The pennon sunk and rose; As bends the bark's mast in the gale, when rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail, It waver'd 'mid the foes.*" Find other examples of similes on page 140.

(2) Notice how the author by using either short sentences or sentences containing many pauses produces the effect of sharp, sudden action. Example:

*Advanced, forced back, now low, now high,
The pennon sank and rose.
And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies
Our Caledonian pride!*

Find examples similar to the above.

WORDS, PHRASES, AND SENTENCES

I. Where possible, replace the words in italics by more suitable words. (1) The Border slogan *tore* the sky. (2) The banks of Till were wreathed in *black* smoke. (3) And such a yell was there, Of *quick* and ominous birth. (4) But Fortune, with *changeable* smile, cheer'd Scotland's fight. (5) Loud were the *resounding* blows. (6) Of the *stubborn* strife and carnage *dismal*.

II. Re-state the following, changing the position of the phrases in italics: (1) One warning trumpet blown, *at times*, announced their march. (2) *From his mountain throne* James did rushing come. (3) *In the smoke* the pennons flew. (4) Wide raged the battle *on the plain*. (5) *Amid the scene of tumult*, high They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly. *In clouds of smoke and dust* they close with lances' thrust.

Notice (1) that it is generally possible to change the position of adverbial expressions without marring the meaning of the sentence.

(2) that the placing of an adverbial expression at the beginning of a sentence often helps it to run smoothly.

It must be noted, however, that the misplacing of an adjectival expression either mars the meaning of a sentence or produces a comical effect.

III. Re-state the following, putting the expressions in italics in their proper places:

- (1) Only pikemen could withstand the onset of horses *with manly hearts*.
- (2) A squire rushed to battle with that aged, war-scarred warrior *of tender years*.
- (3) A monk was mounted on a white Flemish horse *with a sun-tanned face*.
- (4) Some soldiers *of studded oak* were set the dangerous task of defending the door *of proved courage*.
- (5) A knight couched his lance *of noble mien*.

METRE

Scott uses in the main a measure which consists of two rhyming lines of eight syllables, four accented, four unaccented, as thus:

But see|look up|-on Flod|den bent|
The Scót|tish foe|has fired|his tent|

Many variations, however, are introduced to avoid the risk of a wearying sameness.

IV. Mark the feet and accented syllables in the following lines, and say which show variations from the general measure.

“Each stepping where his comrade stood
The instant that he fell.”

“Twas vain; but Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile cheered Scotland’s fight.”

“Crests rose, and stoop’d, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly.”

WRITTEN EXERCISE

V. Give a prose account of “The Last Stand”

XVII

TOBY

From *Our Dogs*

By DR. JOHN BROWN

TOBY was the most utterly shabby, vulgar, mean-looking cur I ever beheld—in one word, *a tyke*. He had not one good feature except his teeth and eyes, and his bark, if that can be called a feature. He was not ugly enough to be interesting; his colour, black and white; his shape, leggy and clumsy, altogether what Sydney Smith would have called an extraordinarily ordinary dog; and, as I have said, not even greatly ugly, or, as the Aberdonians have it, *bonnie wi' ill-fauredness*.

My brother William found him the centre of attraction to a multitude of small blackguards who were drowning him slowly in Lochend Loch, doing their best to lengthen out the process, and secure the greatest amount of fun with the nearest approach to death. Even then Toby showed his great intellect by pretending to be dead, and thus gaining time and an inspiration. William bought him for twopence, and as he had it not, the boys accompanied him to Pilrig Street, when I happened to meet him, and giving the twopence to the biggest boy, had the satisfaction of seeing a general engagement of much severity, during which the twopence disappeared, one penny going off with a very small and swift boy, and the other vanishing hopelessly into the grating of a drain.

Toby was for weeks in the house unbeknown to anyone but ourselves two and the cook, and from my grandmother's love of tidiness and hatred of dogs and of dirt, I believe she would have expelled "him whom we saved from drowning" had not he, in his straightforward way, walked into my father's bedroom one night when he was bathing his feet, and introduced himself with a wag of his tail, intimating a general willingness to be happy. My father laughed most heartily, and at last Toby, having got his way to his bare feet, and having begun to lick his soles and between his toes with his small rough tongue, my father gave such an unwonted shout of laughter that we—grandmother, sisters, and all of us—went in. Grandmother might argue with all her energy and skill, but as surely as the pressure of Tom Jones' infantile fist upon Mr. Allworthy's forefinger undid all the arguments of his sister, so did Toby's tongue and fun prove too many for grandmother's eloquence. I somehow think Toby must have been up to all this, for I think he had a peculiar love for my father ever after, and regarded grandmother from that hour with a careful and cool eye.

Toby, when full grown, was a strong coarse dog—coarse in shape, in countenance, in hair, and in manner. His teeth were good, and he had a large skull, and a rich bark as of a dog three times his size, and a tail which I never saw equalled—indeed, it was a tail *per se*; it was of immense girth and not short, equal throughout like a policeman's baton; the machinery for working it was of great power, and acted in a way, as far as I have been able to discover, quite original. We called it his ruler.

When he wished to get into the house, he first

whined gently, then growled, then gave a sharp bark, and then came a resounding, mighty stroke, which shook the house; this, after much study and watching, we found was done by his bringing the entire length of his solid tail flat upon the door with a sudden and vigorous stroke; it was quite a feat of strength and skill, and he was perfect in it at once, his first *bang* authoritative, having been as masterly and telling as his last.

With all this inbred vulgar air, he was a dog of great moral excellence—affectionate, faithful, honest up to his light, with an odd humour as peculiar and as strong as his tail. My father, in his reserved way, was very fond of him, and there must have been very funny scenes with them, for we heard bursts of laughter issuing from his study when they two were by themselves; there was something in him that took that grave beautiful, melancholy face. One can fancy him in the midst of his books, and sacred work and thoughts, pausing and looking at the secular Toby, who was looking out for a smile to begin his rough fun, and about to end by coursing and *gurrin'* round the room, upsetting my father's books, laid out on the floor for consultation, and himself nearly at times, as he stood watching him, and off his guard and shaking with laughter. Toby had always a great desire to accompany my father up to town; this my father's good taste and sense of dignity, besides his fear of losing his friend (a vain fear!), forbade, and as the decision of character of each was great and nearly equal, it was often a drawn game. Toby, ultimately, by making it his entire object, triumphed. He usually was nowhere to be seen on my father leaving; he however saw him, and lay in wait at the head of the street, and up Leith Walk he kept him in view from the opposite side like a detective,

and then, when he knew it was hopeless to hound him home, he crossed unblushingly over, and joined company, excessively rejoiced of course.

One Sunday he had gone with him to church, and left him at the vestry door. The second psalm was given out, and my father was sitting back in the pulpit, when the door at its back, up which he came from the vestry, was seen to move and gently open; then, after a long pause, a black shining snout pushed its way steadily into the congregation, and was followed by Toby's entire body. He looked somewhat abashed; but snuffing his friend, he advanced as if on thin ice, and not seeing him, put his fore-legs on the pulpit, and behold there he was, his own familiar chum. I watched all this, and anything more beautiful than his look of happiness, of comfort, of entire ease when he beheld his friend—the smoothing down of the anxious ears, the swing of gladness of that mighty tail—I don't expect soon to see. My father quietly opened the door, and Toby was at his feet and invisible to all but himself; had he sent old George Peaston, the "minister's man," to put him out, Toby would probably have shown his teeth and astonished George. He slunk home as soon as he could, and never repeated that exploit.

I never saw in any other dog the sudden transition from discretion, not to say abject cowardice, to blazing and permanent valour. From his earliest years he showed a general meanness of blood, inherited from many generations of starved, bekicked, and downtrodden fore-fathers and mothers, resulting in a condition of intense abjectness in all matters of personal fear; anybody, even a beggar, by a *gowl* and a threat of eye, could send him off howling by anticipation, with that mighty tail between his legs. But it was not always so to be,

and I had the privilege of seeing courage, reasonable, absolute, and for life, spring up in Toby at once, as did Athené from the skull of Jove. It happened thus:—

Toby was in the way of hiding his culinary bones in the small gardens before his own and the neighbouring doors. Mr. Scrymgeour, two doors off, a bulky, choleric, red-haired, red-faced man, was, by law of contrast, a great cultivator of flowers, and he had often scowled Toby into all but non-existence by a stamp of his foot and a glare of his eye. One day, his gate being open, in walks Toby with a huge bone, and making a hole where Scrymgeour had two minutes before been planting some precious slip, the name of which on paper and on a stick Toby made very light of, substituted his bone, and was engaged covering it, or thinking he was covering it up with his shovelling nose (a very odd relic of paradise in the dog), when S—— spied him through the inner glass door, and was out upon him like the Assyrian, with a terrific *gowl*. I watched them. Instantly Toby made straight at him with a roar too, and an eye more torve than Scrymgeour's, who, retreating without reserve, fell prostrate, there is reason to believe, in his own lobby. Toby contented himself by proclaiming his victory at the door, and returning, finished his bone-planting at his leisure, the enemy, who had scuttled behind the glass door, glaring at him.

From this moment Toby was an altered dog. Pluck at first sight was lord of all; from that time dated his first tremendous deliverance of tail against the door, which we called "Come, listen to my tail." That very evening he paid a visit to Leo, next door's dog, a big, tyrannical bully and coward, which its master thought a Newfoundland, but whose pedigree we knew

better; this brute continued the same system of chronic extermination which was interrupted at Lochend—having Toby down among his feet, and threatening him with instant death two or three times a day. To him Toby paid a visit that very evening down into his den, and walked about, as much as to say, “Come on, Macduff!” But Macduff did not come on, and hence-forward there was an armed neutrality, and they merely stiffened up and made their backs rigid, pretended each not to see the other, walking solemnly round, as is the manner of dogs. Toby worked his new-found faculty thoroughly, but with discretion. He killed cats, astonished beggars, kept his own in his own garden against all comers, and came off victorious in several well-fought battles; but he was not quarrelsome or foolhardy. It was very odd how his carriage changed, holding his head up, and how much pleasanter he was at home. To my father, next to William, who was his Humane Society man, he remained staunch.

And what of his end? for the misery of dogs is that they die so soon, or, as Sir Walter says, it is well they do; for if they lived as long as a Christian, and we liked them in proportion, and they then died, he said that was a thing he could not stand.

His exit was lamentable, and had a strange poetic or tragic relation to his entrance. My father was out of town; I was away in England. Whether it was that the absence of my father had relaxed his power of moral restraint, or whether through neglect of the servant he had been desperately hungry, or most likely both being true, Toby was discovered with the remains of a cold leg of mutton, on which he had made an ample meal; this he was in vain endeavouring to plant as of old, in the hope of its remaining undiscovered till to-morrow’s

hunger returned, the whole shank-bone sticking up unmistakably. This was seen by our excellent grandmother, who pronounced sentence on the instant; and next day, as William was leaving for the High School, did he in the sour morning, through an easterly *haur* behold "him whom he saved from drowning," and whom he had taught, as if one should say "Thus would I teach a dog," dangling by his own chain from his own lamp post, one of his hind-feet just touching the pavement, and his body preternaturally elongated.

William found him dead and warm, and, falling in with the milk-boy at the head of the street, questioned him, and discovered that he was the executioner, and had got twopence: he—Toby's every morning's crony, who met him and accompanied him up the street, and licked the outside of his can—had, with an eye to speed and convenience, and a want of taste, not to say principle and affection, horrible still to think of, suspended Toby's animation beyond all hope. William instantly fell upon him, upsetting his milk and cream, and gave him a thorough licking, to his own intense relief; and, being 'ate, he got from Pyper, who was a martinet, the customary palmies, which he bore with something approaching to pleasure. So died Toby; my father said little, but he missed and mourned his friend.

There is reason to believe that by one of those curious intertwistings of existence the milk-boy was that one of the drowning party who got the penny of the twopence.

NOTES

(1) Dr. Brown has given us the story of a fairly ordinary dog. There are few dogs that are without interesting peculiarities; few that have not amused us by their roguish tricks; yet how many of us could write so interestingly on any dog?

154 READING AND ENGLISH PRACTICE

Notice how quickly the author gives us a clearly defined mental picture of Toby. All the dogs in "Rab and His Friends" are very skilfully described. Study the description of "Wasp", which is given below as an exercise in punctuation.

WORDS, PHRASES, AND SENTENCES

I. Make sentences which show clearly that you understand the difference in meaning between the following pairs of words:

- (1) dog, cur; (2) stomach, paunch; (3) clever, cunning; (4) boy, urchin; (5) irritable, irritating.

II. Which descriptive adjectives in the following expressions do useful work and which are wasted as adding nothing new to the meaning of the noun?

- (1) a shabby, vulgar, mean-looking cur; (2) a thin, lean, lanky man; (3) a bulky, choleric, red-faced man; (4) a nice, pleasant day; (5) a merry, cheerful, gay mood; (6) an affectionate, faithful, quiet dog.

III. Express in another way the meaning of the following:

- (1) Toby was the centre of attraction to the crowd. (2) He was honest up to his light. (3) Toby, making it his entire object, triumphed. (4) He intimated a general willingness to be happy. (5) He regarded grandmother with a careful and cool eye. (6) A general engagement of much severity broke out among them.

IV. Combine the following pairs of sentences by turning one into a phrase in apposition:

Example: Toby was a mean-looking cur. He was very fond of my father. *Toby, a mean-looking cur, was very fond of my father.*

- (1) George Preston was the "minister's man." He was astonished when he saw Toby.
- (2) He went down Leith Walk. Leith Walk is a street near our home.
- (3) Dr. John Brown was the author of *Rab and His Friends*. He was a well-known Scottish physician.
- (4) Below is given a description of "Wasp." "Wasp" was another of Dr. John Brown's dogs.

PUNCTUATION

V. Add punctuation marks and capital letters, where necessary, in the following description:

Wasp was a dark brindled bull-terrier she was very handsome fierce and gentle with a small compact finely-shaped head and a pair of wonderful eyes full of fire and of softness indeed she had to my eye a curious look of wonderful genius at once wild and fond.

IMITATION—A DESCRIPTION

VI. Read the description of "Toby," paragraph (1) of this extract, and then describe any pet dog you have known, mentioning details in the same order as those given of Toby.

Read out from a dictionary the definition of a cur. How does this *definition* of a cur differ from the *description* of the cur named 'Toby'?

WRITTEN EXERCISES

VII. Define (1) a satchel; (2) a play-ground. Describe (1) your satchel; (2) your play-ground.

VIII. Read the following description of "Jock", and then describe an imaginary escapade in which he indulges.

Jock was insane from his birth—at first a harmless kind, but ending in mischief and sudden death. He was an English terrier—fawn-coloured: his mother's name Vamp (Vampire), and his father's Demon. He was more properly *daft* than mad: his courage, muscularity, and prodigious animal spirits making him insufferable, and never allowing one sane feature of himself any chance. No sooner was the street-door open than he was throttling the first dog passing, bringing upon himself and me endless grief.

XVIII

CAUGHT IN AN AMBUSH

(From *The Virginians*)

By W. M. THACKERAY

[In 1752 the French in North America began to build a line of forts to prevent the English settlers in the colonies along the east coast from spreading west. One of the best known of these was Fort Duquesne, which George Washington, at the head of the Virginia militia, failed to take in 1754. After this, General Braddock was sent out by the Home Country, but his efforts, as will be seen, ended in disaster. Fort Duquesne came into our possession in 1758, the year before Wolfe captured Quebec.]

WE sit down, and why, if you please? Not to a mere dinner—no, no—but to hear MR. GEORGE ESMOND WARRINGTON'S STATEMENT, which of course he is going to make. Here they all sit—not in my Lord's grand dining-room, you know, but in the snug study or parlour in front. The cloth has been withdrawn, the General has given the King's health, the servants have left the room, the guests sit conticent, and so, after a little hemming and blushing, Mr. George proceeds:

“I remember, at the table of our General, how the little Philadelphia agent, whose wit and shrewdness we had remarked at home, made the very objections to the conduct of the campaign of which its disastrous issue showed the justice. ‘Of course,’ says he, ‘your Excellency's troops once before Fort Duquesne, such a weak little place will never be able to resist such a general, such an army, such artillery, as will there be

found attacking it. But do you calculate, sir, on the difficulty of reaching the place? Your Excellency's march will be through woods almost untrodden, over roads which you will have to make yourself, and your line will be some four miles long. This slender line, having to make its way through the forest, will be subject to endless attacks in front, in rear, in flank, by enemies whom you will never see, and whose constant practice in war is the dexterous laying of ambuscades.'—

'Psha, sir!' says the General, 'the savages may frighten your raw American militia! (Thank your Excellency for the compliment, Mr. Washington seems to say, who is sitting at the table), 'but the Indians will never make any impression on his Majesty's regular troops.'—'I heartily hope not, sir,' says Mr. Franklin, with a sigh; and of course the gentlemen of the General's family sneered at the postmaster, as at a pert civilian who had no call to be giving his opinion on matters entirely beyond his comprehension.

"We despised the Indians on our own side, and our commander made light of them and their service. Our officers disgusted the chiefs who were with us by outrageous behaviour to their women. There were not above seven or eight who remained with our force. Had we had a couple of hundred in our front on that fatal 9th of July, the event of the day must have been very different. They would have flung off the attack of the French Indians; they would have prevented the surprise and panic which ensued. 'Tis known now that the French had even got ready to give up their fort, never dreaming of the possibility of a defence, and that the French Indians themselves remonstrated against the audacity of attacking such an overwhelming force as ours.

"I was with our General with the main body of the troops when the firing began in front of us, and one aide-de-camp after another was sent forward. At first the enemy's attack was answered briskly by our own advanced people, and our men huzzaed and cheered with good heart. But very soon our fire grew slacker, whilst from behind every tree and bush round about us came single shots, which laid man after man low. We were marching in orderly line, the skirmishers in front, the Colours and two of our small guns in the centre, the baggage well guarded bringing up the rear, and were moving over a ground which was open and clear for a mile or two, and for some half-mile in breadth a thick tangled covert of brushwood and trees on either side of us. After the firing had continued for some brief time in front, it opened from both sides of the environing wood on our advancing column. The men dropped rapidly, the officers in greater number than the men. At first, as I said, these cheered and answered the enemy's fire, our guns even opening on the wood, and seeming to silence the French in ambuscade there. But the hidden rifle-firing began again. Our men halted, huddled up together, in spite of the shouts and orders of the General and officers to advance, and fired wildly into the brushwood—of course making no impression. Those in advance came running back on the main body frightened, and many of them wounded. They reported there were five thousand Frenchmen and a legion of yelling Indian devils in front, who were scalping our people as they fell. We could hear their cries from the wood around as our men dropped under their rifles. There was no inducing the people to go forward now. One aide-de-camp after another was sent forward, and never returned.

At last it came to be my turn, and I was sent with a message to Captain Fraser of Halkett's in front, which he was never to receive nor I to deliver.

"I had not gone thirty yards in advance when a rifle-ball struck my leg, and I fell straightway to the ground. I recollect a rush forward of Indians and Frenchmen after that, the former crying their fiendish war-cries, the latter as fierce as their savage allies. I was amazed and mortified to see how few of the white-coats there were. Not above a score passed me; indeed there were not fifty in the accursed action in which two of the bravest regiments of the British army were put to rout.

"One of them, who was half Indian, half Frenchman, with moccasins and a white uniform coat and cockade, seeing me prostrate on the ground, turned back and ran towards me, his musket clubbed over his head to dash my brains out and plunder me as I lay. I had my little fusil which my Harry gave me when I went on the campaign; it had fallen by me and within my reach, luckily; I seized it, and down fell the Frenchman dead at six yards before me. I was saved for that time, but bleeding from my wound and very faint. I swooned almost in trying to load my piece, and it dropped from my hand, and the hand itself sank lifeless to the ground.

"I was scarcely in my senses, the yells and shots ringing dimly in my ears, when I saw an Indian before me, busied over the body of the Frenchman I had just shot, but glancing towards me as I lay on the ground bleeding. He first rifled the Frenchman, tearing open his coat, and feeling in his pockets: he then scalped him, and with his bleeding knife in his mouth advanced towards me. I saw him coming as through a film, as in a dream—I was powerless to move, or to resist him.

“He put his knee upon my chest: with one bloody hand he seized my long hair and lifted my head from the ground, and as he lifted it, he enabled me to see a French officer rapidly advancing behind him.

“Good God! It was young Florac, who was my second in the duel at Quebec. ‘A moi, Florac!’ I cried out, ‘C’est Georges! aide moi!’

“He started; ran up to me at the cry, laid his hand on the Indian’s shoulder, and called him to hold. But the savage did not understand French, or choose to understand it. He clutched my hair firmer, and waving his dripping knife round it, motioned to the French lad to leave him to his prey. I could only cry out again and piteously, ‘A moi!’

“‘Ah, canaille, tu veux du sang? Prends!’ said Florac and the next moment, and with a *ugh*, the Indian fell over my chest dead, with Florac’s sword through his body.

“My friend looked around him. “Eh!” says he, ‘la belle affaire! Where art thou wounded, in the leg?’ He bound my leg tight round with his sash. ‘The others will kill thee if they find thee here. Ah, tiens! Put me on this coat, and this hat with the white cockade. Call out in French if any of our people pass. They will take thee for one of us. Thou art Brunet of the Quebec Volunteers. God guard thee, Brunet! I must go forward. ‘Tis a general *débâcle*, and the whole of your red coats are on the run, my poor boy.’ Ah, what a rout it was! What a day of disgrace for England!

“Florac’s rough application stopped the bleeding of my leg, and the kind creature helped me to rest against a tree, and to load my fusil, which he placed within reach of me, to protect me in case any other marauder should have a mind to attack me. And he gave me the

gourd of that unlucky French soldier, who had lost his own life in the deadly game which he had just played against me, and the drink the gourd contained served greatly to refresh and invigorate me. Taking a mark of the tree against which I lay, and noting the various bearings of the country, so as to be able again to find me, the young lad hastened on to the front. ‘Thou seest how much I love thee, George,’ he said, ‘that I stay behind in a moment like this.’ I forget whether I told thee, Harry, that Florac was under some obligation to me. I had won money of him at cards, at Quebec—only playing at his repeated entreaty—and there was a difficulty about paying, and I remitted his debt to me, and lighted my pipe with his note-of-hand. You see, sir, that you are not the only gambler in the family.

“At evening, when the dismal pursuit was over, the faithful fellow came back to me, with a couple of Indians, who had each reeking scalps at their belts, and whom he informed that I was a Frenchman, his brother, who had been wounded early in the day, and must be carried back to the fort. They laid me in one of their blankets, and carried me, groaning, with the trusty Florac by my side. Had he left me, they would assuredly have laid me down, plundered me, and added my hair to that of the wretches whose bleeding spoils hung at their girdles. He promised them brandy at the fort, if they brought me safely there: I have but a dim recollection of the journey: the anguish of my wound was extreme: I fainted more than once. We came to the end of our march at last. I was taken into the fort, and carried to the officer’s log-house, and laid upon Florac’s own bed.

“Happy for me was my insensibility. I had been brought into the fort as a wounded French soldier

of the garrison. I heard afterwards, that, during my delirium, the few prisoners who had been made on the day of our disaster, had been brought under the walls of Duquesne by their savage captors, and there horribly burned, tortured, and butchered by the Indians, under the eyes of the garrison."

As George speaks, one may fancy a thrill of horror running through his sympathising audience. Theo takes Hetty's hand, and looks at George in a very alarmed manner. Harry strikes his fist upon the table, and cries, "The bloody, murderous, red-skinned villains! There will never be peace for us until they are all hunted down!"

"They were offering a hundred and thirty dollars apiece for Indian scalps in Pennsylvania, when I left home," says George demurely, "and fifty for women."

"Fifty for women, my love! Do you hear that, Mrs. Lambert?" cries the Colonel, lifting up his wife's hair.

"The murderous villains!" says Harry again. "Hunt 'em down, sir! Hunt 'em down!"

"I know not how long I lay in my fever," George resumed. "When I awoke to my senses, my dear Florac was gone. He and his company had been dispatched on an enterprise against an English fort on the Pennsylvanian territory, which the French claimed, too. In Duquesne, when I came to be able to ask and understand what was said to me, there were not above thirty Europeans left. The place might have been taken over and over again, had any of our people had the courage to return after their disaster.

"My old enemy the ague-fever set in again upon me as I lay here by the riverside. 'Tis a wonder how I ever survived. But for the goodness of a half-breed woman in the fort, who took pity on me, and tended

me, I never should have recovered, and my poor Harry would be what he fancied himself yesterday, our grandfather's heir, our mother's only son.

"I remembered how, when Florac laid me in his bed, he put under my pillow my money, my watch, and a trinket or two which I had. When I woke to myself these were all gone; and a surly old sergeant, the only officer left in the quarter, told me, with a curse, that I was lucky enough to be left with my life at all; that it was only my white cockade and coat had saved me from the fate which the other *canaille* of *Rosbifs* had deservedly met with.

AIDS TO STUDY

Compare the sentences on page 120 with those on page 157. What differences do you note? Which page contains many co-ordinate clauses joined by *and*? Which contains many subordinate clauses beginning with a relative pronoun? Which reads the more smoothly, and which is the easier to follow? Which contains the simpler words?

WORDS, PHRASES, AND SENTENCES

I. What words have the same, or almost the same, meaning as the following?

- (1) shrewdness; (2) environing; (3) marauder; (4) huzzaed; (5) invigorate; (6) dexterous; (7) comprehension.

II. Make sentences, using the above words.

III. Make sentences, using in a suitable manner the following expressions:

- (i) was under some obligation to me; (b) compliment; (c) entirely beyond his comprehension; (d) made no impression; (e) outrageous behaviour; (f) dim recollection; (g) sympathising audience; (h) remonstrated against the audacity.

IV. Combine the following sentences by means of a relative pronoun: Example: I remember Mr. Franklin. His shrewdness was well known. *I remember Mr. Franklin whose shrewdness was well known.*

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(1) From behind every tree and bush came single shots. These laid man after man low. (2) I was sent with a message to Captain Fraser. He was never to receive it. (3) The savages may frighten American soldiers. They have fought against them many times. (4) I remember Mr. Washington asking an important question. He was present at a council of officers. (5) The enemy were led by a resourceful frontiersman. The British were planning an attack against them.

V. Combine the following groups of sentences in as many different ways as possible:

(1) Your slender line of troops will have to make its way through the forest. It will be subject to endless attacks in front, in rear, in flank by enemies. Their constant practice in war is the dexterous laying of ambuscades. (2) The French had even got ready to give up their fort. They never dreamt of the possibility of defence. The French Indians themselves remonstrated against the audacity of attacking such an overwhelming force as ours. (3) Our guns even opened on the wood. They seemed to silence the French in ambuscade. (4) Florac's rough application stopped the bleeding of my leg. He helped me to rest against a tree. He loaded my fusil. He placed it within reach of me. This he did to protect me in case any other marauder should have a mind to attack me.

Compare your sentences with the originals in the text.

DIRECT SPEECH

VI. Re-state the following, using direct, instead of indirect, speech:

(1) The General said that the savages might frighten our raw American militia but the Indians would never make any impression on his Majesty's regular forces. (2) Warrington said he was with his general when the firing began in front of them. (3) He asked where I was wounded.

GRAMMAR

VII. Correct, and give reasons for your corrections:

(a) The Indians left Florac and I alone.
(b) The result was exactly like Mr. Franklin predicted.
(c) He tried to plunder me as I laid on the ground.
(d) Of the two the sergeant showed the greatest bravery.

- (e) Every soldier who was sent with dispatches lost their lives.
- (f) He only left the place when further resistance was useless.

VIII. When using the present tense, for the sake of vividness, in narratives referring to the past, you must be consistent and not mix up the two tenses. Correct the following:

He started; runs up to me at the cry, lays his hand on the Indian's shoulder, and called him to hold. But the savage does not understand French, or choose to understand it. He clutched my hair firmer, and waving his dripping knife round it, motions to the French lad to leave him to his prey. Florac just in time struck him down and he falls over on his chest.

WRITTEN EXERCISE

IX. Write a vivid account of the defeat of General Braddock or an imaginary account of "Indians on the War Path."

XIX

PASSAGES FROM SHAKESPEARE WOLSEY'S FAREWELL

Wolsey. Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness! This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms, And bears his blushing honours thick upon him; The third day comes a frost, a killing frost, And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root, And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured, Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders, This many summers in a sea of glory, But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride At length broke under me; and now has left me, Weary and old with service, to the mercy Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me. Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye; I feel my heart new-opened. O, how wretched Is that poor man who hangs on princes' favours! There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to, That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin, More pangs and fears than wars or women have; And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer, Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL, and stands amazed.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amazed
 At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder
 A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
 I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?
Wol. Why, well;
 Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
 I know myself now, and I feel within me
 A peace above all earthly dignities,
 A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,
 I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
 These ruined pillars, out of pity, taken
 A load would sink a navy,—too much honour:
 O 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burthen
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven! . . .

Go, get thee from me, Cromwell,
 I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
 To be thy lord and master. Seek the king;
 That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
 What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
 Some little memory of me will stir him
 (I know his noble nature) not to let
 Thy hopeful service perish too; good Cromwell,
 Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
 For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
 Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
 So good, so noble, and so true a master?
 Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
 With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord,—
 The king shall have my service; but my prayers
 For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,

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Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say I taught thee;
Say Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
And—prithee, lead me in:
There, take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served the king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:

They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

HENRY V. BEFORE HARFLEUR

King Henry. Once more unto the breach, dear friends,
once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument;
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good
yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt
not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry "God for Harry, England, and Saint George!"

TO THINE OWNSELF BE TRUE

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
 Bea't, that the opposed may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
 And they in France of the best rank and station
 Are most select and generous, chief in that.
 Nei'ther a borrower nor a lender be:
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all: to thine ownself be true,
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

AIDS TO STUDY

Passage I. (1) Lines 1 to 9 deal with one main topic—*Wolsey's farewell to his greatness*. The first line introduces the main topic or theme. Then follows, with increasing impressiveness, the growth of the greatness—*tender leaves, blossoms, blushing honours* (the climax). Next the cause of the disaster is given—*a killing frost*—and the last few lines emphasize again the main idea—*he falls as I do*.

(2) Note how freely Wolsey employs metaphors from the sea and the navy (life—a voyage).

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(3) Lines 1 to 22 form a paragraph. What is the theme? Study the lines in the manner shown above.

WORDS, PHRASES, AND SENTENCES

I. Fill in the gaps in the following expressions with suitable words:

(1) To-day he puts forth the —— leaves of hope. (2) Still in thy right hand carry —— peace. (3) When I am forgotten and sleep in —— —— marble. (4) Creeping like snail —— to school. (5) My —— pride at length broke under me, —— and —— with service, to the mercy of a —— stream that must for ever hid· me. (6) And bears his —— honours thick upon him. (Compare the words you have used with Shakespeare's.)

II. Which words and expressions in the following show contrast?

(1) Corruption wins not more than honesty. (2) Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage. (3) His big manly voice, turning again toward childish treble. (4) For there is none of you so mean and base that hath not noble lustre in your eyes. (5) In peace there's nothing so becomes a man As modest stillness and humility, But when the blast of war blows in our ears, Then imitate the action of a tiger. (6) Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee.

III. Write sentences which show comparison, using any of the following expressions:

(1) like Lucifer; (2) as one in a dream; (3) like a snail; (4) as changeable as the weather; (5) like nobody on earth; (6) like greyhounds in the slips; (7) like little wanton boys.

IV. Combine, in as many ways as you can, the following sentences:

(a) I am a poor fallen man. I am unworthy now to be thy lord and master. (b) The king shall have my service. My prayers shall be yours. (c) Thomas Cromwell was taken into the king's favour on the fall of Wolsey. He eventually displeased the king. He was beheaded. (d) Lucifer means *light-bringer*. It is another name for Satan. He was popularly supposed to have been an angel of light. (e) He caused a rebellion in Heaven. He was cast out. He afterwards became the father of

all evil. (f) Henry V landed near Harfleur in August, 1415. He reduced that place by the middle of September. He then set out for Calais.

V. Passage 4 contains nine rules of conduct. Express the nine rules as briefly as possible. Example: Lines 1 and 2 might be expressed thus: *Think before you speak or act.*

PUNCTUATION

VI. Add punctuation marks and capital letters, where necessary, in the following: (Compare with the original.)

be just and fear not
let all the ends thou aimst at be thy countrys
thy gods and truths then if thou fallst o cromwell
thou fallst a blessed martyr

What words have been abbreviated here?—it's, doesn't, don't.

WRITTEN EXERCISES

VII. Imagine you are captain of an eleven that is about to play against very strong opponents, and then write a speech exhorting your side to do their utmost.

VIII. Write a short account of Wolsey's life. How does your account agree with that given in the text?

IX. Imagine that you have a friend who is about to join your school. Then write, for his guidance, six *Don't's*, that is sentences beginning with *Don't*.

XX

FIFTY-TWO

(From *The Tale of Two Cities*)

By CHARLES DICKENS

[Sydney Carton, "idlest and most unpromising of men," fell in love with Lucie, whose husband, Evrémonde (Darnay) was later, during the Reign of Terror, condemned to the guillotine. Sydney Carton's noble sacrifice is related below.]

IN the black prison of the Conciergerie, the doomed of the day awaited their fate. They were in number as the weeks of the year. Fifty-two were to roll that afternoon on the life-tide of the city to the boundless everlasting sea. Before their cells were quit of them, new occupants were appointed; before their blood ran into the blood spilled yesterday, the blood that was to mingle with theirs to-morrow was already set apart. Two score and twelve were told off. From the farmer general of seventy, whose riches could not buy his life, to the seamstress of twenty, whose poverty and obscurity could not save her.

Charles Darnay, alone in a cell, had sustained himself with no flattering delusion since he came to it from the Tribunal. In every line of the narrative he had heard, he had heard his condemnation.

Nevertheless, it was not easy, with the face of his beloved wife fresh before him, to compose his mind to what it must bear. His hold on life was strong, and it was very, very hard, to loosen. If, for a moment, he did feel resigned, then his wife and child who had to

live after him, seemed to protest and to make it a selfish thing.

But, all this was at first. Before long, the consideration that there was no disgrace in the fate he must meet, and that numbers went the same road wrongfully, and trod it firmly every day, sprang up to stimulate him. Next followed the thought that much of the future peace of mind enjoyable by the dear ones depended on his quiet fortitude. So, by degrees he calmed into the better state, when he could raise his thoughts much higher, and draw comfort down.

Before it had set in dark on the night of his condemnation, he had travelled thus far on his last way. Being allowed to purchase the means of writing, and a light, he sat down to write until such time as the prison lamps should be extinguished.

He had time to finish these letters before the lights were put out. When he lay down on his straw bed, he thought he had done with this world.

But it beckoned him back in his sleep, and showed itself in shining forms. Free and happy, back in the old house in Soho (though it had nothing in it like the real house), unaccountably released and light of heart, he was with Lucie again, and she told him it was all a dream, and he had never gone away. A pause of forgetfulness, and then he had even suffered, and had come back to her, dead and at peace, and yet there was no difference in him. Another pause of oblivion, and he awoke in the sombre morning, unconscious where he was or what had happened, until it flashed upon his mind, "This is the day of my death!"

The hours went on as he walked to and fro, and the clocks struck the numbers he would never hear again. Nine gone for ever, ten gone for ever, eleven gone for

ever, twelve coming on to pass away. After a hard contest with that eccentric action of thought which had last perplexed him, he had got the better of it. He walked up and down, softly repeating their names to himself. The worst of the strife was over. He could walk up and down, free from distracting fancies, praying for himself and for them.

Twelve gone for ever.

He had been apprised that the final hour was Three, and he knew he would be summoned some time earlier, inasmuch as the tumbrils jolted heavily and slowly through the streets. Therefore, he resolved to keep Two before his mind as the hour, and so to strengthen himself in the interval that he might be able, after that time, to strengthen others.

Walking regularly to and fro with his arms folded on his breast, a very different man from the prisoner who had walked to and fro at La Force, he heard One struck away from him, without surprise. The hour had measured like most other hours. Devoutly thankful to Heaven for his recovered self-possession, he thought, "There is but another now," and turned to walk again.

Footsteps in the stone passage outside the door. He stopped.

The key was put in the lock, and turned. Before the door was opened, or as it opened, a man said in a low voice, in English: "He has never seen me here; I have kept out of his way. Go you in alone; I wait near. Lose no time!"

The door was quickly opened and closed, and there stood before him, face to face, quiet, intent upon him, with the light of a smile on his features and a cautionary finger on his lip, Sidney Carton.

There was something so bright and remarkable in

his look, that, for the first moment, the prisoner mis-doubted him to be an apparition of his own imagining. But he spoke, and it was his voice; he took the prisoner's hand, and it was his real grasp.

"Of all the people upon earth, you least expected to see me?" he said.

"I could not believe it to be you. I can scarcely believe it now. You are not"—the apprehension came suddenly into his mind—"a prisoner?"

"No. I am accidentally possessed of a power over one of the keepers here, and in virtue of it I stand before you. I come from her—your wife, dear Darnay."

The prisoner wrung his hand.

"I bring you a request from her."

"What is it?"

"A most earnest, pressing, and emphatic entreaty, addressed to you in the most pathetic tones of the voice so dear to you, that you well remember."

The prisoner turned his face partly aside.

"You have no time to ask me why I bring it, or what it means; I have no time to tell you. You must comply with it—take off those boots you wear, and draw on these of mine."

There was a chair against the wall of the cell, behind the prisoner. Carton, pressing forward, had already, with the speed of lightning, got him down into it, and stood over him, barefoot.

"Draw on these boots of mine. Put your hands to them; put your will to them. Quick!"

"Carton, there is no escaping from this place; it never can be done. You will only die with me. It is madness."

"It would be madness if I asked you to escape; but do I? When I ask you to pass out at that door,

tell me it is madness and remain here. Change that cravat for this of mine, that coat for this of mine. While you do it, let me take this ribbon from your hair and shake out your hair like this of mine!"

With wonderful quickness, and with a strength both of will and action that appeared quite supernatural, he forced all these changes upon him. The prisoner was like a young child in his hands.

"Carton! Dear Carton! It is madness. It cannot be accomplished, it never can be done, it has been attempted, and has always failed. I implore you not to add your death to the bitterness of mine."

"Do I ask you, my dear Darnay, to pass the door? When I ask that, refuse. There are pen and ink and paper on this table. Is your hand steady enough to write?"

"It was when you came in."

"Steady it again, and write what I shall dictate. Quick, friend, quick!"

Pressing his hand to his bewildered head, Darnay sat down at the table. Carton, with his right hand in his breast, stood close beside him.

"Write exactly as I speak."

"To whom do I address it?"

"To no one." Carton still had his hand in his breast.

"Do I date it?"

"No."

The prisoner looked up at each question. Carton, standing over him with his hand in his breast, looked down.

"'If you remember,'" said Carton, dictating, "'the words that passed between us, long ago, you will readily comprehend this when you see it. You do remember them, I know. It is not in your nature to forget them'."

He was drawing his hand from his breast: the prisoner chancing to look up in his hurried wonder as he wrote, the hand stopped, closing upon something.

“Have you written ‘forget them!’” Carton asked.

“I have. Is that a weapon in your hand?”

“No; I am not armed.”

“What is it in your hand?”

“You shall know directly. Write on; there are but a few words more.” He dictated again. “‘I am thankful that the time has come when I can prove them. That I do so is no subject for regret or grief.’” As he said these words with his eyes fixed on the writer, his hand slowly and softly moved down close to the writer’s face.

The pen dropped from Darnay’s fingers on the table, and he looked about him vacantly.

“What vapour is that?” he asked.

“Vapour?”

“Something that crossed me?”

“I am conscious of nothing; there can be nothing here. Take up the pen and finish. Hurry, hurry!”

As if his memory were impaired, or his faculties disordered, the prisoner made an effort to rally his attention. As he looked at Carton with clouded eyes and with an altered manner of breathing, Carton—his hand again in his breast—looked steadily at him.

“Hurry, hurry!”

The prisoner bent over the paper once more.

“‘If it had been otherwise;’” Carton’s hand was again watchfully and softly stealing down; “‘I never should have used the longer opportunity. If it had been otherwise;—the hand was at the prisoner’s face; “‘I should but have had so much the more to answer for. If it had been otherwise—’” Carton looked at

the pen and saw it was trailing off into unintelligible signs.

Carton's hand moved back to his breast no more. The prisoner sprang up with a reproachful look, but Carton's hand was close and firm at his nostrils, and Carton's left arm caught him round the waist. For a few seconds he faintly struggled with the man who had come to lay down his life for him; but, within a minute or so, he was stretched insensible on the ground.

Quickly, but with hands as true to the purpose as his heart was, Carton dressed himself in the clothes the prisoner had laid aside, combed back his hair, and tied it with the ribbon the prisoner had worn. Then, he softly called, "Enter there! Come in!" and the Spy presented himself.

"You see?" said Carton, looking up, as he kneeled on one knee beside the insensible figure, putting the paper in the breast: "Is your hazard very great?"

"Mr. Carton," the Spy answered, with a timid snap of his fingers, "my hazard is not *that*, in the thick of business here, if you are true to the whole of your bargain."

"Don't fear me. I will be true to the death."

"You must be, Mr. Carton, if the tale of fifty-two is to be right. Being made right by you in that dress, I shall have no fear."

"Have no fear! I shall soon be out of the way of harming you, and the rest will soon be far from here, please God! Now, get assistance and take me to the coach."

"You?" said the Spy nervously.

"Him, man, with whom I have exchanged. You go out at the gate by which you brought me in?"

"Of course."

"I was weak and faint when you brought me in, and I am fainter now you take me out. The parting interview has overpowered me. Such a thing has happened here, often, and too often. Your life is in your own hands. Quick! Call assistance!"

"You swear not to betray me?" said the trembling Spy, as he paused for a last moment.

"Man, man!" returned Carton, stamping his foot; "have I sworn by no solemn vow already to go through with this, that you waste the precious moments now? Take him yourself to the courtyard you know of, place him yourself in the carriage, show him yourself to Mr. Lorry, tell him yourself to give him no restorative but air, and to remember my words of last night and his promise of last night, and drive away!"

The Spy withdrew, and Carton seated himself at the table, resting his forehead on his hands. The Spy returned immediately, with two men.

"How, then?" said one of them, contemplating the fallen figure. "So afflicted to find that his friend has drawn a prize in the lottery of *Sainte Guillotine*?"

"A good patriot," said the other, "could hardly have been more afflicted if the Aristocrat had drawn a blank."

They raised the unconscious figure, placed it on a litter they had brought to the door, and bent to carry it away.

"The time is short, *Evrémonde*," said the Spy, in a warning voice.

"I know it well," answered Carton. "Be careful of my friend, I entreat you, and leave me."

"Come, then, my children," said Barsad. "Lift him, and come away!"

The door closed, and Carton was left alone. Straining his powers of listening to the utmost, he listened for any sound that might denote suspicion or alarm. There was none. Keys turned, doors clashed, footsteps passed along distant passages: no cry was raised, or hurry made, that seemed unusual. Breathing more freely in a little while, he sat down at the table, and listened again until the clock struck two.

Sounds that he was not afraid of, for he divined their meaning, then began to be audible. Several doors were opened in succession, and finally his own. A gaoler, with a list in his hand, looked in, merely saying, "Follow me, Evrémonde!" and he followed into a large dark room, at a distance.

As he stood by the wall in a dim corner, while some of the fifty-two were brought in after him, one man stopped in passing to embrace him, as having a knowledge of him. It thrilled him with a great dread of discovery; but the man went on. A very few moments after that, a young woman, with a slight girlish form, a sweet spare face in which there was no vestige of colour, and large widely opened patient eyes, rose from the seat where he had observed her sitting, and came to speak to him.

"Citizen Evrémonde," she said, touching him with her cold hand. "I am a poor little seamstress who was with you in La Force."

He murmured for answer: "True. I forget what you were accused of?"

"Plots. Though the just Heaven knows I am innocent of any. Is it likely? Who would think of plotting with a poor little weak creature like me?"

The forlorn smile with which she said it so touched him that tears started from his eyes.

“I am not afraid to die, Citizen Evrémonde, but I have done nothing. I am not unwilling to die, if the Republic which is to do so much good to us poor will profit by my death; but I do not know how that can be, Citizen Evrémonde. Such a poor weak little creature!”

As the last thing on earth that his heart was to warm and soften to, it warmed and softened to this pitiable girl.

“I heard you were released, Citizen Evrémonde. I hoped it was true?”

“It was. But I was again taken and condemned.”

“If I may ride with you, Citizen Evrémonde, will you let me hold your hand? I am not afraid, but I am little and weak, and it will give me more courage.”

As the patient eyes were lifted to his face, he saw a sudden doubt in them, and then astonishment. He pressed the work-worn, hunger-worn young fingers, and touched his lips.

“Are you dying for him?” she whispered.

“And his wife and child. Hush! Yes.”

“Oh, you will let me hold your brave hand, stranger?”

“Hush! Yes, my poor sister; to the last.”

• • • • •
The second tumbril empties and moves on: the third comes up. Crash!—And the knitting-women, count Two.

The supposed Evrémonde descends, and the seamstress is lifted out next after him. He gently places her with her back to the crashing engine that constantly whirrs up and falls, and she looks into his face and thanks him.

“I mind nothing while I hold your hand. I shall mind nothing when I let it go, if they are rapid.”

“They will be rapid. Fear not!”

“You comfort me so much! I am so ignorant. Am I to kiss you now? Is the moment come?”

“Yes.”

She kisses his lips; he kisses hers; they solemnly bless each other. The spare hand does not tremble as he releases it; nothing worse than a sweet, bright constancy is in the patient face. She goes next before him—is gone; the knitting-women count Twenty-Two.

“I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.”

The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away. Twenty-Three.

They said of him, about the city that night, that it was the peacefullest man’s face ever beheld there. Many added that he looked sublime and prophetic.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Dickens makes free use of figurative language in this extract. Notice in paragraph (1) how he expresses the idea—*Fifty-two were to be guillotined*. Find similar examples.

Read again the remarks on page 20. Are the same characteristics shown in this extract?

WORDS, PHRASES, AND SENTENCES

I. Make sentences which show that you know the meaning of the following words and expressions:

cautionary finger; self-possession; rally his attention; emphatic entreaty; fervent protestations; superb, moral endowments; embarrassed; readily comprehend.

II. Find single words equivalent to the following expressions, and put each in a sentence.

Example: Of one's own free will—voluntarily.

He undertook the work *voluntarily*.

To bring to an end; from time to time; to continue to live longer than; in a thoughtless manner; without knowledge; without showing any haste; to deprive of composure of mind.

III. Give (1) an antonym, and (2) a synonym for each of the following words:

(a) earnest; (b) innocent; (c) patient; (d) majority; (e) solemn; (f) placid.

IV. Combine the following pairs of sentences, turning one into a phrase beginning with a past participle.

Example: Darnay was held tight by the shoulder. He was soon deprived of his cravat. *Darnay, held tight by his shoulder, was soon deprived of his cravat.*

(1) Darnay was overcome by the fumes. He was powerless in the hands of his friend.
 (2) He was questioned by the judge. He looked very confused.
 (3) The letter was addressed to Lucie. It was handed to the spy.
 (4) Carton dressed himself in the prisoner's clothes. He no longer feared detection.

Combine the above sentences in as many other ways as possible.

VARIETY

V. Re-cast the following sentences, starting with the words in italics:

(1) He remained staring vacantly ahead, *too dazed* to comprehend the situation.
 (2) He thought he had done with this world *when* he lay down on his straw bed.
 (3) He was now fully satisfied, *having heard* that his friends were free and happy.
 (4) He addressed Carton *at last*.
 (5) He was *disagreeable and greedy* and had few friends.
 (6) He, *it is* certain, knew nothing of the matter.
 (Notice that it is possible by a little re-casting to introduce variety into the construction of sentences.)

GRAMMAR

VI. Fill the blanks in the following with suitable possessive adjectives:

- (1) Somebody has lost —— passport.
- (2) All prisoners must now say good-bye to —— friends.
- (3) Every prisoner will be told —— fate to-morrow.
- (4) Neither of those men did —— best.
- (5) Each man was forced to empty —— pocket.
- (6) Either of the two can now take —— trial.
- (7) None of the witnesses gave —— own version of the story.

VII. Do not mix the tenses. Re-state the following, putting the whole of it in either the past or the present tense:

Carton's hand moved back to his breast no more. The prisoner springs up, but Carton's hand was close and firm at his nostrils, and Carton's left arm catches him round the waist. For a few seconds Darnay faintly struggled with the man but within a minute or so he is stretched insensible on the ground.

WRITTEN EXERCISE

VIII. Describe in your own words the meeting between Carton and the seamstress. Use direct speech in your account.

XXI

IN THE DESERT

(From *Æthen*)

By A. W. KINGLAKE

GAZA stands upon the verge of the Desert, and bears towards it the same kind of relation as a seaport bears to the sea. It is there that you *charter* your camels ("the ships of the Desert"), and lay in your stores for the voyage.

These preparations kept me in the town for some days. Disliking restraint, I declined making myself the guest of the Governor (as it is usual and proper to do), but took up my quarters at the Caravanserai, or "Khan," as they call it in that part of Asia.

In a couple of days I was ready to start. I had four camels, one for my baggage, one for each of my servants, and one for myself. Four Arabs, the owners of the camels, came with me on foot. My stores were a small soldier's tent, two bags of dried bread brought from the convent at Jerusalem, and a couple of bottles of wine from the same source, two goatskins filled with water, tea, sugar, a cold tongue, and (of all things in the world) a jar of Irish butter which Mysseri had purchased from some merchant. There was also a small sack of charcoal, for the greater part of the desert through which we were to pass is void of fuel.

The camel kneels to receive her load, and for a while she will allow the packing to go on with silent resignation, but when she begins to suspect that her master

is putting more than a just burthen upon her poor hump, she turns round her supple neck, and looks sadly upon the increasing load, and then gently remonstrates against the wrong with the sigh of a patient wife. If sighs will not move you, she can weep. You soon learn to pity, and soon to love her for the sake of her gentle and womanish ways.

.

It had been arranged with my Arabs that they were to bring with them all the food which they would want for themselves during the passage of the Desert, but as we rested at the end of the first day's journey by the side of an Arab encampment, my camel-men found all that they required for that night in the tents of their own brethren. On the evening of the second day, however, just before we encamped for the night, my four Arabs came to Dthemetri, and formally announced that they had not brought with them one atom of food, and that they looked entirely to my supplies for their daily bread. This was awkward intelligence. We were now just two days deep in the Desert, and I had brought with me no more bread than might be reasonably required for myself and my European attendants. I believed at the moment (for it seemed likely enough) that the men had really mistaken the terms of the arrangement, and feeling that the bore of being put upon half rations would be a less evil (and even to myself a less inconvenience) than the starvation of my Arabs, I at once told Dthemetri to assure them that my bread should be equally shared with all. Dthemetri, however, did not approve of this concession; he assured me quite positively that the Arabs thoroughly understood the agreement, and that

if they were now without food, they had wilfully brought themselves into this strait for the wretched purpose of bettering their bargain by the value of a few paras' worth of bread. This suggestion made me look at the affair in a new light. I should have been glad enough to put up with the slight privation to which my concession would subject me, and could have borne to witness the semi-starvation of poor Dthemetri with a fine philosophical calm, but it seemed to me that the scheme, if scheme it were, had something of audacity in it, and was well enough calculated to try the extent of my softness. I knew the danger of allowing such a trial to result in a conclusion that I was one who might be easily managed; and therefore after thoroughly satisfying myself from Dthemetri's clear and repeated assertions that the Arabs had really understood the arrangement, I determined that they should not now violate it by taking advantage of my position in the midst of their big desert; so I desired Dthemetri to tell them that they should touch no bread of mine. We stopped, and the tent was pitched; the Arabs came to me, and prayed loudly for bread; I refused them.

“Then we die!”

“God's will be done.”

I gave the Arabs to understand that I regretted their perishing by hunger, but that I should bear this calmly, like any other misfortune not my own—that, in short, I was happily resigned to *their* fate. The men would have talked a great deal, but they were under the disadvantage of addressing me through a hostile interpreter. They looked hard upon my face, but they found no hope there, so at last they retired, as they pretended, to lay them down and die.

In about ten minutes from this time I found that

the Arabs were busily cooking their bread! Their pretence of having brought no food was false, and was only invented for the purpose of saving it. They had a good bag of meal, which they had contrived to stow away under the baggage, upon one of the camels, in such a way as to escape notice. In Europe the detection of a scheme like this would have occasioned a disagreeable feeling between the master and the delinquent, but you would no more recoil from an Oriental on account of a matter of this sort, than in England you would reject a horse that had tried and failed to throw you. Indeed I felt quite good-humouredly towards my Arabs because they had so woefully failed in their wretched attempt, and because, as it turned out, I had done what was right; they too, poor fellows, evidently began to like me immensely, on account of the hard-heartedness which had enabled me to baffle their scheme.

The Arabs adhere to those ancestral principles of bread-baking which have been sanctioned by the experience of ages. The very first baker of bread that ever lived must have done his work exactly as the Arab does at this day. He takes some meal, and holds it out in the hollow of his hands whilst his comrade pours over it a few drops of water; he then mashes up the moistened flour into a paste, pulls the lump of dough so made into small pieces, and thrusts them into the embers. His way of baking exactly resembles the craft or mystery of roasting chestnuts, as practised by children; there is the same prudence and circumspection in choosing a good berth for the morsel—the same enterprise and self-sacrificing valour in pulling it out with the fingers.

• • • •

As long as you are journeying in the interior of the Desert you have no particular point to make for as your resting place. The endless sands yield nothing but small stunted shrubs; even these fail after the first two or three days, and from that time you pass over broad plains—you pass over newly reared hills—you pass through valleys dug out by the last week's storm, and the hills and the valleys are sand, sand, sand, still sand, and only sand, and sand, and sand again. The earth is so samely that your eyes turn towards heaven—towards heaven, I mean, in sense of sky. You look to the Sun, for he is your task-master, and by him you know the measure of the work that you have done, and the measure of the work that remains for you to do. He comes when you strike your tent in the early morning, and then, for the first hour of the day, as you move forward on your camel, he stands at your near side, and makes you know that the whole day's toil is before you; then for a while, and a long while, you see him no more, for you are veiled and shrouded, and dare not look upon the greatness of his glory, but you know where he strides over head, by the touch of his flaming sword. No words are spoken, but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, your shoulders ache, and for sights you see the pattern and the web of the silk that veils your eyes, and the glare of the outer light. Time labours on—your skin glows, your shoulders ache, your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, and you see the same pattern in the silk, and the same glare of light beyond; but conquering Time marches on, and by and by the descending sun has compassed the heaven, and now softly touches your right arm, and throws your lank shadow over the sand

right along on the way for Persia. Then again you look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames has become the redness of roses; the fair, wavy cloud that fled in the morning now comes to his sight once more—comes blushing, yet still comes on—comes burning with blushes, yet comes and clings to his side.

.

Sometimes in the earlier part of my journey the night breeze blew coldly; when that happened, the dry sand was heaped up outside round the skirts of the tent, and so the Wind that everywhere else could sweep as he listed along those dreary plains, was forced to turn aside in his course, and make way as he ought for the Englishman. Then within my tent there were heaps of luxuries—dining-rooms, dressing-rooms, libraries, bed-rooms, drawing-rooms, oratories, all crowded into the space of a hearth-rug. The first night, I remember, with my books and maps about me, I wanted a light. They brought me a taper, and immediately from out of the silent Desert there rushed in a flood of life, unseen before. Monsters of moths of all shapes and hues, that never before perhaps had looked upon the shining of a flame, now madly thronged into my tent, and dashed through the fire of the candle till they fairly extinguished it with their burning limbs. Those who had failed in attaining this martyrdom suddenly became serious, and clung despondingly to the canvas.

By and by there was brought to me the fragrant tea, and big masses of scorched and scorching toast, and the butter that had come all the way to me in this Desert of Asia, from out of that poor, dear,

starving Ireland. I feasted like a king,—like four kings,—like a boy in the fourth form.

.

On the fifth day we came to an Oasis called Gatieh, where we found encamped a caravan (that is, an assemblage of travellers) from Cairo. The Orientals living in cities never pass the Desert except in this way. Many will wait for weeks, and even for months, until a sufficient number of persons can be found ready to undertake the journey at the same time—until the flock of sheep is big enough to fancy itself a match for wolves. They could not, I think, really secure themselves against any serious danger by this contrivance; for though they have arms, they are so little accustomed to use them, and so utterly unorganized, that they never could make good their resistance to robbers of the slightest respectability. It is not of the Bedouins that such travellers are afraid, for the safe-conduct granted by the Chief of the ruling tribe is never, I believe, violated; but it is said that there are deserters and scamps of various sorts who hover about the skirts of the Desert, particularly on the Cairo side, and are anxious to succeed to the property of any poor devils whom they may find more weak and defenceless than themselves.

These people from Cairo professed to be amazed at the ludicrous disproportion between their numerical forces and mine. They could not understand, and they wanted to know, by what strange privilege it is that an Englishman with a brace of pistols and a couple of servants rides safely across the Desert, whilst they, the natives of the neighbouring cities, are

forced to travel in troops, or rather in herds. One of them got a few minutes of private conversation with Dthemetri, and ventured to ask him anxiously whether the English did not travel under the protection of Evil Demons. I had previously known (from Methley, I think, who had travelled in Persia) that this notion, so conducive to the safety of our countrymen, is generally prevalent amongst Orientals. It owes its origin partly to the strong wilfulness of the English Gentleman (a quality which, not being backed by any visible authority either civil or military, seems perfectly superhuman to the soft Asiatic), but partly too to the magic of the Banking system, by force of which the wealthy traveller will make all his journeys without carrying a handful of coin, and yet, when he arrives at a city, will rain down showers of gold. The theory is that the English traveller has committed some sin against God and his conscience, and that for this the Evil Spirit has hold of him, and drives him from his home like a victim of the old Grecian Furies, and forces him to travel over countries far and strange, and most chiefly over Deserts and desolate places, and to stand upon the sites of cities that once were, and are now no more, and to grope among the tombs of dead men. Often enough there is something of truth in this notion; often enough the wandering Englishman is guilty (if guilt it be) of some pride or ambition, big or small, imperial or parochial, which being offended has made the lone places more tolerable than ball-rooms to him a sinner.

I can understand the sort of amazement of the Orientals at the scantiness of the retinue with which an Englishman passes the Desert, for I was somewhat struck myself when I saw one of my countrymen

making his way across the wilderness in this simple style. At first there was a mere moving speck in the horizon; my party, of course, became all alive with excitement, and there were many surmises; soon it appeared that three laden camels were approaching, and that two of them carried riders; in a little while we saw that one of the riders wore the European dress, and at last the travellers were pronounced to be an English gentleman and his servant; by their side there were a couple of Arabs on foot; and this, if I rightly remember, was the whole party.

You,—you love sailing,—in returning from a cruise to the English coast you see often enough a fisherman's humble boat far away from all shores, with an ugly, black sky above, and an angry sea beneath,—you watch the grisly old man at the helm carrying his craft with strange skill through the turmoil of waters, and the boy, supple-limbed, yet weather-worn already, and with steady eyes that look through the blast,—you see him understanding commandments from the jerk of his father's white eye-brow,—now belaying, and now letting go,—now scrunching himself down into mere ballast, or baling out Death with a pipkin. Familiar enough is the sight, and yet when I see it, I always stare anew, and with a kind of Titanic exultation, because that a poor boat with the brain of a man and the hands of a boy on board, can match herself so bravely against black Heaven and Ocean: well, so when you have travelled for days and days over an Eastern Desert without meeting the likeness of a human being, and then at last see an English shooting-jacket and a single servant come lislessly slouching along from out of the forward horizon, you

stare at the wide unproportion between this slender company, and the boundless plains of sand through which they are keeping their way.

This Englishman, as I afterwards found, was a military man returning to his country from India, and crossing the Desert at this part in order to go through Palestine. As for me, I had come pretty straight from England, and so here we met in the wilderness at about half way from our respective starting points. As we approached each other, it became with me a question whether we should speak. I thought it likely that the stranger would accost me, and in the event of his doing so, I was quite ready to be as sociable and chatty as I could be according to my nature; but still I could not think of anything particular that I had to say to him. Of course, among civilised people, the not having anything to say is no excuse at all for not speaking; but I was shy and indolent, and I felt no great wish to stop, and talk like a morning visitor, in the midst of those broad solitudes. The traveller, perhaps, felt as I did, for, except that we lifted our hands to our caps, and waved our arms in courtesy, we passed each other quite as distantly as if we had passed in Pall Mall. Our attendants, however, were not to be cheated of the delight that they felt in speaking to new listeners, and hearing fresh voices once more. The masters, therefore, had no sooner passed each other, than their respective servants quietly stopped and entered into conversation. As soon as my camel found that her companions were not following her, she caught the social feeling and refused to go on. I felt the absurdity of the situation and determined to accost the stranger, if only to avoid the awkward-

ness of remaining stuck fast in the Desert whilst our servants were amusing themselves. When with this intent I turned round my camel, I found that the gallant officer had passed me by about thirty or forty yards, and was exactly in the same predicament as myself. I put my now willing camel in motion and rode up towards the stranger: seeing this he followed my example and came forward to meet me. He was the first to speak: too courteous to address me as if he admitted the possibility of my wishing to accost him from any feeling of mere sociability or civilian-like love of vain talk, he at once attributed my advances to a laudable wish of acquiring statistical information, and accordingly, when we got within speaking distance, he said, "I dare say you wish to know how the Plague is going on at Cairo?" and then he went on to say he regretted that his information did not enable him to give me in numbers a perfectly accurate statement of the daily deaths. He afterwards talked pleasantly enough upon other and less ghastly subjects. I thought him manly and intelligent—a worthy one of the few thousand strong Englishmen to whom the Empire of India is committed.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Although several of Kinglake's paragraphs are long, they will be found, on examination, to obey very strictly the law of unity. For example, the long paragraph beginning on page 188 deals with one theme only—*the Arabs' attempt to cheat Kinglake*. Which paragraphs deal with the following themes? (1) the loading of camels; (2) the making of bread.

(2) Notice how the author uses repetition as a means of emphasizing. Example: *I feasted like a king—like four kings—like a boy in the fourth form.* How many times is the word *sand* used on page 191? Read the note on emphasis on page 76.

WORDS, PHRASES, AND SENTENCES

I. Make sentences, using in a suitable manner the following words and expressions:

(1) laudable wish; (2) silent resignation; (3) caught the social feeling; (4) gently remonstrates; (5) hostile interpreter; (6) stipulated time; (7) delinquent.

II. Use the following opposites in suitable sentences:

condemn, praise; squander, hoard; advance, recede; poor, rich; help, hinder; many, few.

Example: *It is more blessed to give than to receive.*

III. Combine each of the following groups of sentences in as many different ways as possible:

(a) I disliked restraint. I declined making myself the guest of the governor. I took up my quarters at the Caravanserai.

(b) They looked hard upon my face. They found no hope there. At last they retired to hold a consultation.

(c) At about an hour before dawn, I rose. I made the most of about a pint of water. This I allowed myself for washing.

(d) My four Arabs came to Dthemetri. Dthemetri was my interpreter. They announced they had not brought with them one atom of food.

(e) I was surprised at hearing this. I was about to offer them food. Dthemetri told me not to do so. He said he would deal with them.

(f) My poor Arabs were on foot. They would sometimes pray for rest. I was anxious to enable them to perform their contract within the stipulated time. I did not therefore allow a halt.

IV. Fill the blanks with suitable connectives chosen from the following: *for, because, till, that, though, but.*

(a) My camel slowly sunk under me, — she brought her body to a level with the ground.

(b) We took also a small sack of charcoal — the greater part of the desert through which we were to pass is void of fuel.

(c) Indeed I felt quite good-humouredly towards them — they had so woefully failed in their wretched attempt.

(d) I said I was sorry — could not help them.

(e) I would not let them halt — they kept on moaning.

(f) She is so gentle and womanish in her ways — you soon learn to pity her.

GRAMMAR AND PUNCTUATION

V. A *Parenthesis* is a phrase thrust into the middle of a sentence by way of comment on something said. This is shown either by two dashes — . . . — or brackets, (. . .). Example: *I do not know—to tell the truth—what he means.* Punctuate the following sentences.

(a) I declined making myself the guest of the Governor as it is usual and proper to do but took up my quarters at the Caravanserai. (b) The wandering Englishman is guilty if guilt it be of some pride or ambition. (c) I found of all things in the world a jar of Irish butter. (d) I believed at the moment for it seemed likely enough that the men had really mistaken my meaning. (e) After this there came into my hand how well I remember it the little tin cup half filled with wine and water.

VI. Revise *LIE*, *lay* (pret.) *lain* (p.p.) *lying* (pres.p.) Intransitive. *Lay*, *laid* (pret.) *laid* (p.p.) *laying* (pres.p.) Transitive.

Fill the gaps in the following sentences, using the correct form of either *lie* or *lay*.

- (a) They retired to —— them down and die.
- (b) All these were —— upon the camel.
- (c) At Gaza you —— in your stores for the voyage.
- (d) The embers of the fire —— black and cold upon the sand. (Past tense).
- (e) I saw him —— there asleep. He had —— his knapsack under his head.

WRITTEN EXERCISES

VII. DESCRIPTIONS. Notice the orderly manner in which the paragraph (page 190) on bread-baking develops—It is an ancient method—this is again emphasized—the method is described—the method is made clearer by comparison.

VIII. Write paragraphs on any two of the following:

- (1) Inflating a football; (2) pitching a tent. (3) covering a book with brown paper. (4) any indoor game.

XXII

THREE PARABLES

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

(ST. LUKE, X)

AND, behold, a certain lawyer stood up, and tempted him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?

He said unto him, What is written in the law? how readest thou?

And he answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself.

And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live.

But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbour?

And Jesus answering said, A certain *man* went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded *him*, and departed, leaving *him* half dead.

And by chance there came down a certain priest that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked *on him*, and passed by on the other side.

But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion *on him*,

And went to *him*, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave *them* to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee.

Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among the thieves?

And he said, He that shewed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.

THE TEN VIRGINS

(ST. MATTHEW, XXV.)

THEN shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom.

And five of them were wise, and five *were* foolish.

They that *were* foolish took their lamps, and took no oil with them:

But the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps.

While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept.

And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him.

Then all those virgins arose, and trimmed their lamps.

And the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil; for our lamps are gone out.

But the wise answered, saying, *Not so*; lest there be not enough for us and you: but go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves.

And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut.

Afterward came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us.

But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not.

Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh.

THE UNMERCIFUL SERVANT

(ST. MATTHEW, XVIII, v. 23-35.)

THEREFORE is the kingdom of heaven likened unto a certain king, which would take account of his servants.

And when he had begun to reckon, one was brought unto him, which owed him ten thousand talents.

But forasmuch as he had not *wherewith* to pay, his lord commanded him to be sold, and his wife, and children, and all that he had, and payment to be made

The servant therefore fell down, and worshipped him, saying, Lord, have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.

Then the lord of that servant was moved with compassion, and loosed him, and forgave him the debt.

But the same servant went out, and found one of his fellow-servants, which owed him an hundred pence: and he laid hands on him, and took *him* by the throat, saying, Pay me that thou owest.

And his fellowservant fell down at his feet, and besought him, saying, Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.

And he would not: but went and cast him into prison, till he should pay the debt.

So when his fellowservants saw what was done, they were very sorry, and came and told unto their lord all that was done.

Then his lord, after that he had called him, said unto him, O thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt, because thou desiredst me:

Shouldest not thou also have had compassion on thy fellowservant, even as I had pity on thee?

And his lord was wroth, and delivered him to the tormentors, till he should pay all that was due unto him.

So likewise shall my heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses.

NOTES

Read the notes on page 125 on the language of the Bible. Carefully study the parable of *The Ten Virgins*. Notice how simple the language is, and how clear the meaning of the sentences.

(1) Find, in a dictionary, definitions of (1) a parable; (2) a fable, and (3) an allegory.

(2) Find examples of:

(a) Words which are seldom used in modern prose (e.g., *peradventure*); (b) the use of *which* for persons, which is now confined to things (e.g., "He fell among robbers *which* stripped him"—"Our Father, *which* art in heaven.")

WORDS, PHRASES, AND SENTENCES

I. Say which of the following words are (1) similar, (2) opposite in meaning:

eternal, worldly, spiritual, perpetual, heavenly, temporal, merciful, everlasting, compassionate, pitiless.

II. Express in a different, and if possible a briefer, way the meaning of the expressions in italics. Example: The health *he enjoys at present* is more satisfactory—His *present* health is more satisfactory.

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(1) He *answering said*— (2) *It is apparent* that he did not know. (3) He *made answer*. (4) He is a man *who shows no mercy* to his servants. (5) He seldom considers men *who are not reliable*. (6) That story is *as old as the hills*.

III. Much of the clearness of a sentence depends upon the correct placing of the adverb. Place, in as many suitable positions as possible, the adverbs enclosed in brackets, and then tell the meaning of the different sentences formed:

(1) He said that his friend spoke the truth. (never).
(2) I knew that you were kind to Thomas. (yesterday).
(3) He said he would give you one book. (only).
(4) They promised to do it. (often).
(5) He agreed to hand back all the money. (almost).

IV. Re-state as one sentence the following groups of sentences:

(1) He fell among robbers. They beat him. They left him half dead.
(2) At midnight the bridegroom came. The virgins rose. They trimmed their lamps.
(3) The master was moved with compassion. He forgave the servant the debt.
(4) A priest was going down that way. He saw the wounded man. He passed by on the other side.
(5) A certain Samaritan was moved with compassion. He came to him. He bound up his wounds. He poured on them oil and wine.

V. Fill the gaps in the following with suitable connectives.

(1) For the foolish took no oil with them, — the wise took oil in their vessels.
(2) Give us of your oil — our lamps are going out.
(3) Watch therefore, — ye know not the day — the hour.
(4) I will repay thee — I come back.
(5) I will forgive you — you have been foolish.
(6) He would not have patience with the man — he cast him into prison — he should pay that which was due.

GRAMMAR AND PUNCTUATION. *Shall and will.*

VI. Study the following carefully, and then discuss the use of the words in brackets:

(1) *W*hat (shall, will) I do to inherit eternal life?
(2) *Thou* (shalt, wilt) love the Lord thy God with all thy heart.

- (3) I (will, shall) go, whatever you threaten.
- (4) I (will, shall) come after tea.
- (5) He (will, shall) keep his promise.
- (6) I (will, shall) be drowned and nobody (shall, will) save me.

VII. Correct, where necessary, the following sentences:

- (1) Watch therefore for ye know not the hour or the day.
- (2) Thou shalt love the Lord like thyself.
- (3) He gave to each according to their several ability.
- (4) Which of these three was the more deserving of praise?
- (5) Neither of the two who passed by on the other side were true neighbours to the wounded man.
- (6) He said he would allow you and I to go.

VIII. Punctuate the following, and add capital letters where necessary:

And behold a certain lawyer stood up and tempted him saying Master what shall I do to inherit eternal life and he said unto him what is written in the law how readest thou.

Now study the original, verses 25 and 26. What do you notice?

WRITTEN EXERCISES

IX. Expand the following outlines:

Two very young boys found a gold watch in the sands—owner's name was inside—they took it to him—he gave them five shillings—their grown up brother heard of it—he had seen a notice of a reward of £5 os. od.—he bullied the owner of the watch—kept it all for himself—father heard—he had to put it in the bank for his young brothers.

X. Try to express the teaching of each parable in a terse sentence. Example: *Those who expect mercy should show mercy.*

XXIII

THE HOMELAND

NO. 1. HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

By R. BROWNING

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now.

And after April, when May follows,
And the white-throat builds, and all the swallows—
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's
edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture.
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower,
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower.

No. 2. ENGLAND

By LORD TENNYSON

You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease,
Within this region I subsist,
Whose spirits falter in the mist,
And languish for the purple seas?

It is the land that freemen till,
That sober-suited Freedom chose,
The land, where girt with friends or foes
A man may speak the thing he will;

A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent:

Where faction seldom gathers head,
But by degrees to fulness wrought,
The strength of some diffusive thought
Hath time and space to work and spread.

No. 3. ENGLAND

From *The Task*, by WILLIAM COWPER

ENGLAND, with all thy faults, I love thee still—
My country! and, while yet a nook is left
Where English minds and manners may be found,

Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year, most part, deformed
With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies
And fields without a flower, for warmer France
With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.
To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime
Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task;
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
Thy joys and sorrows with as true a heart
As any thunderer there. And I can feel
Thy follies too, and with a just disdain
Frown at effeminate, whose very looks
Reflect dishonour on the land I love.
How, in the name of soldiership and sense,
Should England prosper, when such things, as smooth
And tender as a girl, all-essenced o'er
With odours, and as profligate as sweet,
Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,
And love when they should fight,—when such as these
Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause?
Time was when it was praise and boast enough
In every clime, and travel where we might,
That we were born her children; praise enough
To fill the ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.
Farewell those honours, and farewell with them
The hope of such hereafter! They have fallen
Each in his field of glory: one in arms,
And one in council—Wolfe upon the lap

Of smiling Victory that moment won,
And Chatham, heart-sick of his country's shame!
They made us many soldiers. Chatham still
Consulting England's happiness at home,
Secured it by an unforgiving frown
If any wronged her. Wolfe, wherc'er he fought,
Put so much of his heart into his act,
That his example had a magnet's force,
And all were swift to follow whom all loved.
Those suns are set. Oh, rise some other such!
Or all that we have left is empty talk
Of old achievements, and despair of new.

No. 4. THE MINSTREL'S SONG

By SIR WALTER SCOTT

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
 From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
 Meet nurse for a poetic child!
 Land of brown heath and shaggy wood
 Land of the mountain and the flood,
 Land of my sires! what mortal hand
 Can e'er untie the filial band,
 That knits me to thy rugged strand!
 Still, as I view each well-known scene,
 Think what is now, and what has been,
 Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
 Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
 And thus I love them better still,
 Even in extremity of ill.
 By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
 Though none should guide my feeble way;
 Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
 Although it chill my wither'd cheek;
 Still lay my head by Teviot Stone,
 Though there, forgotten and alone,
 The bard may draw his parting groan.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Notice that there is very little that is similar in the pictures brought to mind by four writers, each dealing with the same subject—the homeland.

Which poem has the greater air of cheerfulness and vigour, poem I or III? Which ideas in poem II are not expressed in III? Which poem strikes a sad note? Quote lines which explain why the writer is despondent.

Which poem deals with (1) liberty, (2) fame and glory, (3) a bright spring day, (4) the pleasure of visiting again the haunts of childhood?

WORDS, PHRASES, AND SENTENCES

I. Combine adjectives in (A) with suitable nouns in (B):

A. Hoar, hoary, fickle, sullen, patriot, filial, awful, gaudy.
 smiling.

B. Love, skies, eloquence, clime, frost, head, stillness, melon-flower, victory.

Use each of the following words with as many different meanings as possible:

(1) board; (2) fold; (3) post; (4) file; (5) rule; (6) rate.

Example: *foil*.

(a) Save your tin foil.

(b) He was foiled in the attempt.

(c) They use foils when practising in the gymnasium.

II. Write as one sentence each of the following groups of sentences:

(a) I can frown at effeminate. Their very looks reflect dishonour on the land I love.

(b) All were swift to follow him. They all loved him.

(c) The fields now look rough with hoary dew. They will be gay later. Noontide will then waken anew the buttercups.

(d) I languish for the purple seas. I still live in this land of mist. It is the land that freemen till.

(e) I am not eloquent. I cannot with fiery words denounce thy foes. I can partake thy joys and sorrows with as true a heart as anyone.

III. Answer orally, and in complete sentences, the following questions:

(1) What are the signs of Spring-tide in England?

(2) Why does the thrush sing each song twice over?

(3) What is said of the climate of England in poem III?

(4) Why were all swift to follow Wolfe?

(5) What is said of Caledonia in poem IV?

IV. *Where* and *When* can be used as conjunctions. *There* and *Then* have no connective force. Use *Where* and *When*, instead of *There* and *Then*, in the following, making necessary changes in the punctuation.

(a) It is the land that freemen till. *There* a man may speak his will.

(b) He arrived home after tea. *Then*, for the first time, he heard the sad news.

(c) He wishes to be in England now. *There* the pear-tree is in full bloom.

(d) He was resting in comfort, thinking he had finished work for the day. *Then*, suddenly, he was called out to see a patient.

PUNCTUATION

V. Where in the following should apostrophes be placed?

- (1) Now that Aprils there.
- (2) Tis not because Lord Lindsays heir
- (3) It seeks its lonely nest where its safe from harm.
- (4) The din was heard in the soldiers camp.
- (5) You ask me why tho ill at ease
- (6) nor for Ausonias groves.

METRE

VI. Notice that the following lacks rhythm in parts. Recast it in poetic form. You should find first the three pairs of end-rhymes:

Breathes there the man with soul so dead, who
never hath said to himself this is my own, my native
land! Whose heart hath never burned within him
as he hath turned his footsteps home from wan-
dering on a foreign strand.

WRITTEN EXERCISE

VII. Here is a Spring landscape:

“—, where my blossomed pear-tree, in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops.”

Describe a country scene (1) in Winter; (2) in Autumn.

XXIV

THE LOSS OF "THE POSEIDON."

(An Admiralty Report read in the House of Commons,
July 10th, 1931.)

MR. ALEXANDER (Sheffield, Hillsborough). — The Admiralty have received the following report from the Commander-in-Chief, China, respecting the recent loss of H.M. Submarine Poseidon:—

"On the conclusion of the various inquiries into the loss of H.M.S. Poseidon some interesting facts have become available about the magnificent behaviour of the men who were cut off from their fellows in the fore part of the ship, most of whom eventually were saved. When the collision occurred and the order 'Close watertight doors' was given, Petty Officer Willis, the torpedo gunner's mate, took charge of those in the fore part, calling on them to close the door of the compartment with themselves inside, as this might mean saving the ship. The operation was difficult, as the bulkhead had buckled, but by their united efforts the door was eventually closed, leaving only a slight leak. While this work was in progress the ship lurched to starboard and sank with heavy inclination by the bows. At the moment of the collision the electric light leads were all cut, and from that time until the final evacuation the imprisoned men were working with the occasional illumination of an electric torch.

"Willis first said prayers for himself and his companions and then ordered them to put on their escape

apparatus, making sure they all knew how to use it. He then explained he was going to flood the compartment in order to equalize the pressure with that outside the submarine, and how it was to be done, telling off each man to his station. He also rigged a wire hawser across the hatchway to form a support for the men to stand on while the compartment was flooding. While the compartment was slowly filling, Willis kept his companions in good heart, while one able seaman, Nagle, passed the time in instructing the Chinese boy in the use of his apparatus, and was undoubtedly instrumental in saving his life. The other men worked cheerfully at the various valves for flooding and rigging the platform.

“During this time the oxygen was running low in some of the escape apparatus; one able seaman told Petty Officer Willis that his oxygen flask was exhausted, as he could no longer hear it bubbling. Willis then tested his own and found it also was empty, and told the man ‘That is all right; you can’t hear anything in mine and there is plenty left.’ This statement reassured the man and maintained the atmosphere of coolness among the party, which was essential to success. After two hours and ten minutes the water was about up to the men’s knees, and Willis considered the pressure might be sufficient to open the hatch. With considerable difficulty the hatch opened sufficiently for two men to shoot up, but the pressure then reclosed the hatch, and it was necessary to await further flooding to make the pressure more equal before a second attempt could be made. The two men who first escaped were Able Seaman Lovock and Able Seaman Holt. The former came to the surface unconscious and died immediately, but his body was supported by Able Seaman Holt,

himself in a state of great exhaustion, until both were picked up by boats waiting on the scene. After a further hour, by which time the men in the compartment were nearly up to their necks in water and the air lock was becoming very small, a second effort was made. This was successful, and the hatch opened and four other men came to the surface, Petty Officer Willis, Leading Seaman Clarke, Able Seaman Nagle, and Officer's Steward Ah Hai, all of whom were picked up by boats.

'From evidence it is abundantly clear that the courage and fortitude with which all these men in the practical darkness of the slowly flooding compartment faced a situation more than desperate were in accordance with the very highest traditions of the Service. (General cheers.) The coolness, confidence, ability, and power of command shown by Petty Officer Willis, which no doubt were principally responsible for the saving of so many valuable lives, are deserving of the very highest praise.' (Renewed cheers.)

NOTES

The writer of the above has kept well in mind that, in official statements, clearness and accuracy should be the dominant notes. The absence of any striving after effect enhances the story; cool courage and fortitude are magnificent, naked; they require no artistic finery. The extract, although an official communication, might well be termed an epic. Use a dictionary to find definitions of the following: a lyric, an elegy, an epic. Give an example of each.

WORDS, PHRASES, AND SENTENCES

I. Form sentences which show that you know the meaning of the following words:

(1) respecting, respectful, respectable; (2) occasion, occasional, occasioned; (3) availing, available; (4) exhausting, exhaustible.

II. Fill the gaps with the correct form of one of the following verbs: to lay, to lie, to raise, to rise.

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(1) They found it difficult — the lever, but when this was done the water began —. (2) The boat — now, deeply embedded in the mud. (3) He — the hatch and two men — to the surface. (4) He — himself down to rest. (5) As he — there he is told to — his head.

III. Form sentences, beginning with the following expressions:

On the conclusion—In regard to—In furtherance of—I, addition to—In conclusion—With reference to.

IV. The following passages are clumsy in construction: in A there are too many *and's*, and in B, too many *then's*. Recast them so as to make them read smoothly.

A. He was the torpedo gunner's mate *and* he took charge of those in the fore part *and* he called on them to close the door of the compartment *and* leave themselves inside *and* he said this might mean saving the ship.

B. He *then* explained he was going to flood the compartment and *then* told off each man to his post. *Then* he rigged a wire hawser across the hatchway and *then* told them to use it as a support. *Then* he kept his company in good heart while the water was gradually rising.

V. Tell the story in your own words, as if you were one of the survivors. (Use the first person.)

